

The Outlook

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THE SUBMARINE WARFARE: AN OVERT ACT

The destruction of the Cunard passenger steamship *Laconia* off the coast of Ireland on February 25 violated every principle of humanity, and almost every principle of international law for which the American Government in its written statements has contended. If this is not an "overt act" in the sense in which the President used the words when he broke off diplomatic relations with Germany, it would be difficult to say what would meet any definition of that phrase.

The *Laconia* was sunk by two torpedoes from a German submarine in the night time, without warning. It was a merchant ship; it carried many passengers, including women and children; among them and in the crew were ten or more Americans. Two Americans are certainly among the dead, while one of the dead is believed to have been a naturalized American, and it is possible that others of the twelve who perished were American members of the crew.

The story of the disaster is pitiful and moving in the extreme. It has been graphically told in cablegrams from our Consul at Liverpool, and also by a newspaper man, Mr. Floyd P. Gibbons, who was among the saved, and who quickly sent a clearly written narrative of the tragedy to his paper, the *Chicago "Tribune."*

The seventy-three passengers—men, women, and children—six of whom were American citizens, as Mr. Gibbons states, were startled at half-past ten in the evening by the sudden lurching of the ship as the first torpedo struck; forty minutes later the *Laconia* went down. There was time only to lower the boats and fill them, with no delay for provisions or extra clothing. The sea was running high, the water was icy cold, the danger to small boats was imminent. The submarine which had committed this murderous act appeared on the surface, and its officer, in cold blood, left the boats to themselves, after saying that they might expect to be picked up by a British patrol boat. The loss of life was occasioned chiefly by the overturning of one boat. Those who were thus cast into the sea were rescued by other boats, but were in a desperate condition, some of them in a dying state. It was thus that the two American women, Mrs. Mary Hoy and her daughter, Miss Elizabeth Hoy, perished from exposure, suffering, and exhaustion.

The simple facts are more impressive as to the horror of this crime than any argument or rhetorical description.

THE RESULTS OF RUTHLESSNESS

Apart from the destruction of the *Laconia*, the most important event of the week ending February 28 in submarine warfare was the destruction or wrecking of seven Dutch cargo vessels which were leaving England either for the United States or for Holland. It is said that a single submarine is responsible for the loss of these ships. Under any reasonable construction of international law the attack upon the Dutch ships was outrageous. They were neutral ships bound to neutral ports, unarmed, we believe, and either in ballast or carrying cargoes of grain consigned to the Dutch Government. That it was to Germany's advantage to destroy the ships is true, for Germany would reason, first, that the more ships destroyed the greater the advance of its campaign of "frightfulness," and, furthermore, all ships destroyed are thereby taken out of trade and commerce for the future, and some of this commerce might be contrary to German rules and interest. What enraged the people of Holland most of all in this incident was the fact that the Dutch captains believed that they had a safeguard from Germany to sail. The elaborate explanation made by Germany does not greatly weaken the outrage. The German authorities

say that the Dutch ships had a "partial" safety assurance if they sailed when they did, but "full" safety assurance if they sailed at a much later date, the idea being that if they sailed at the earlier date they might encounter, as they did, a submarine whose captain had not received special orders.

The submarine losses to both Allies and neutrals are large in themselves, although much less than were predicted in advance by German writers. The new submarine campaign began on February 1, and up to the last day of the month, February 28, but not including it, the best available reports show that the total tonnage sunk has been 456,926; the number of ships sunk is 200, and of these 110 were British, 19 belonged to other belligerent nations, and 51 were neutral. Two of the neutral ships were those American ships discussed in Mr. Wilson's address before Congress on February 26.

GREAT BRITAIN'S IMPORT RESTRICTION

Great Britain has taken her losses at sea courageously and hopefully. She has restricted imports into Great Britain, not in amount, but by the exclusion of certain classes of goods which seem to be less important or necessary than other classes. The list of articles the importation of which is prohibited is a long one, but it has been carefully made so as not to exclude or to lessen, but rather to increase, the amount of importation of articles which are of essential value. In discussing the subject before the House of Commons, the Prime Minister, Mr. Lloyd George, pointed out the need of increasing home food production as well as curtailing the importation of things which are not food nor needed for war purposes. He declared that it would be a "black crime" to ask the men at the front to risk their lives "if they knew the effort of the nation was faint-hearted or selfish."

THE RECENT IMPORTANT GAINS OF THE ALLIES

In the week under discussion, February 21-28, two important and valuable gains have been made in the military field by the Allies. The first was in the Somme sector and along the Ancre River. Here the British forces have occupied an area extending eleven miles along its front and nearly two miles in depth, and including the towns of Miraumont, Serre, and several other places. The advance followed a retreat or retreat by the Germans, who have now drawn closely in to their main position at Bapaume.

What does this withdrawal mean? There are two or three theories. One of these is that this retreat is part of a general shortening of the German line, which may later fall back to the east and north in positions already chosen and fortified. If this is the case, Bapaume, which has been the direct object of the British offensive for some months, will be abandoned. Another theory is that Bapaume itself will be the center of the new defensive line. It is on high ground; the Germans might well hesitate to abandon it, as it is a crossroads for great and important highways, as well as a railway point. Still another theory is that the withdrawal was absolutely forced by the gradual gnawing of the British forces in their advance on both sides of the Ancre. This, in our judgment, is at least measurably sound reasoning. In any case, the British advance and the German retreat mark the largest movement forward of the Allies on the front in France for two years and a half, or since the great German retreat after the Battle of the Marne.

The other British victory was in Mesopotamia. It must be a source of great satisfaction to all Englishmen that the discredit of the surrender of General Townshend's forces at Kut-el-Amara

has been wiped out by the recapture of that town. The surrender was not due to the general in command, but to the stupidity with which the whole first Mesopotamian campaign was planned and carried on by the British military authorities. The fighting which preceded the capture of Kut-el-Amara was extensive, and both sides claim that the enemy lost heavily. The rapid retreat of the Turks leaves no doubt that they were severely defeated. It is equally evident that the British army in Mesopotamia has been heavily reinforced, and there is at least a probability that it may advance again upon Bagdad, which is about one hundred miles to the north of Kut-el-Amara.

THE RECENT EXTENSION OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE

Legislative effort has lately been active in several States for the further extension, partial or complete, of the suffrage for women. The most notable victories for the advocates of woman suffrage have been in Ohio and Indiana.

Ohio has passed a bill (not a constitutional amendment) which will give to the women of Ohio the right to vote for Presidential electors, but for no other officers, National, State, or municipal. The bill passed both branches of the Ohio Legislature by fairly large majorities, has been signed by Governor Cox, and is law. Ohio is the only State to have just this form of partial suffrage. The amendment which gives Ohio women this privilege consisted of only six words. To one section of an existing law allowing women to vote for school officers were added three words, "and Presidential electors," and in another section the words "or Presidential electors" were added. It is a singular thing that the right to vote for electors to choose President and Vice-President should thus be granted to women by an amendment to a school law in a State which has twice refused by popular vote to accept the principle of woman suffrage. Another bill has been pending in the Ohio Legislature which, if passed and ratified by a referendum, would provide full suffrage for women.

Indiana has passed through both branches of the Legislature a bill giving women the right to vote for Presidential electors and for various municipal and State officers (not including members of the Legislature), to include, as we understand it, all offices not created by the State Constitution. It is similar to the Illinois law. The bill as we write is before the Governor, and confidence is expressed that he will sign it. It will take effect so as to permit the women to vote at the regular elections next November. Before this they can vote at a special election on the adoption of the new Indiana Constitution, and as that contains a woman suffrage provision, they may thus vote to enfranchise themselves fully. Probably most of our readers know that such enactment of partial suffrage is possible when the Constitution of a State admits of this limited suffrage legislation by the State Legislature, while it does not admit of legislation that will admit women to vote for strictly State officers, such as members of the Legislature, without a constitutional amendment, which is always difficult to carry through. North Dakota has passed a similar law.

Assuming that the Indiana bill is signed, the list of States which now grant full or partial suffrage to women will number sixteen, and they will have a voice in choosing 135 Presidential electors. Maine has passed a vote authorizing a referendum on a Constitutional amendment granting woman suffrage, a similar bill has passed through one house in Texas, and a partial suffrage bill is now being urged before the Senate of Nebraska, while the lower house of the New York Legislature has passed by a very large majority a joint resolution to submit to popular vote a constitutional amendment granting full suffrage to women.

MINIMUM WAGE AGAIN BEFORE THE BAR

In Oregon lives a man named Stettler who owns a paper-box factory. He employed a woman named Elmira Simpson, to whom he paid a wage of eight dollars a week. The Oregon Industrial Welfare Commission, after holding hearings and making careful study, ruled that in such industries no adult experienced woman should be paid less than what the Commis-

sion found to be the cost of a decent living, namely, \$8.64 a week. Stettler objected to paying the increase.

This was over two years ago. To-day the sixty-four cents which Frank Stettler refused to pay Elmira Simpson every Saturday has become an issue of vital importance to eight million American women. For on the decision which the Supreme Court of the United States will shortly hand down in the case of Stettler and Simpson vs. the Industrial Welfare Commission hangs the fate of the programme for minimum wage legislation throughout the United States.

Two years ago this case was argued before the Supreme Court by ex-Senator Fulton, of Oregon, and Mr. Rome Brown, counsel for the plaintiffs on the one hand, and Attorney-General Crawford, of Oregon, and Mr. Louis D. Brandeis on the other. The Court failed to reach a decision, however, and meanwhile the death of Justice Lamar and the resignation of Justice Hughes necessitated a rehearing. The case was accordingly reargued this year on January 18 and 19, with Professor Felix Frankfurter, of the Harvard Law School, substituting as counsel for the defense. For obvious reasons of propriety, Justice Brandeis was not present during the argument and will take no part in the decision. Once more, as two years ago, Miss Josephine Goldmark, of the National Consumers' League, has assisted in preparing the brief in defense of the law.

Whether or not the law empowering the Industrial Welfare Commission to enforce its minimum wage rates violates the constitutional right of freedom of contract and deprives the employer of liberty and property (*i. e.*, labor) without due process of law—these are the points at issue.

Senator Fulton and Mr. Brown declare that it does do both of these things. They argue that there is no public detriment in paying a woman whatever she earns, however little it may be, that in respect to regulating wages there is no logical distinction between men and women, and that changed industrial conditions do not alter the Constitution. Senator Fulton claims that regulation by the State cannot extend beyond the interest of the public; that wages have no relation to health. He maintains that there is no logical distinction between an enforced minimum and an enforced maximum wage, that both are contrary to American jurisprudence. When reminded by Justice McKenna that the California Eight-Hour Law for women had been declared constitutional, Senator Fulton was quick to draw a distinction between a need for sufficient rest, which he claimed was a need arising out of the industry, and a need for adequate income, which he considered a universal human need for which industry could not be held responsible.

The gist of Professor Frankfurter's argument was simply this: That the responsibility of the employer to supply the legitimate needs of his workers is due to the fact that he, and not any other person, depends upon the working energy of his particular employees for the conduct of business; that freedom of contract is but mythical freedom when it is a question of a bargain made between a woman whose working capacity is rated at eight dollars a week and an industry which is worth many thousands. The statute, he says, was not drawn in a closet or in a library, but in the midst of the needs and perplexities of every-day life; it was fashioned to meet these needs, and time has proved, not only in the comparatively brief experience of Oregon, but in the last seven years in England and for a generation in Australia and New Zealand, that it has met them successfully. As regards the deprivation of property, which the Constitution says shall not take place without "due process of law," Mr. Frankfurter claims that "due process" cannot be put in a formula any more than the future can be put in a formula. The question before the Court is not *where* but *how* the Legislature shall draw the line; if a law deprives a man of property, there should be guarantee that the deprivation be neither arbitrary nor wanton, and there should not be spoliation. Beyond these guarantees he urges the Court to consider the every-day facts of a workingwoman's life; to say that a woman earns what she gets and gets what she earns is a statement which will not bear examination, for life is not so simple as all that. The experience of industries working under minimum wage regulations has proved that many workers previously considered "worth" only a much lower wage can be trained and assisted to greater efficiency so as to earn the

required minimum—a manifest gain to both employer and employee. Continual underpay means progressive deterioration, the gradual attrition of the race, if we accept the term *underpay* as meaning paying for the human engine anything less than is required to keep that engine going. To the Court's question as to what was to become of the inefficient, Professor Frankfurter explained that the rate of \$8.64 applied only to adult, experienced workers, and that the law provided for special licenses for those physically handicapped by age or otherwise.

THE OREGON TEN-HOUR LAW FOR MEN APPEALED AGAIN

Immediately following the reargument on the Stettler minimum wage case came that of the Ten-Hour Law for men, also from Oregon, and also a rehearing due to changes in an undecided court. Once more Professor Frankfurter defended the law, while State Senator Thompson, of Oregon, represented the plaintiff, Franklin Bunting, the manager of a flour mill, who during the rush season kept a man at work more than ten hours and refused to pay him at the rate of "time and a half for overtime," which the law requires.

Senator Thompson's argument against the law took the somewhat unusual form of attacking it because it was not strict enough. If it were reasonable to assume, he said in substance, that it was within the police power of the State to limit the working hours of men to ten in any one day, the fact that the law permitted a thirteen-hour work-day with "time and a half" pay for overtime counteracts any defense which can be made of the ten-hour day on the grounds of health. In general, however, he based his contention of unconstitutionality on the fact that in 1905 the Supreme Court in the *Lochner* case decided against the Ten-Hour Law for employees of bakeries in New York. It is since 1905 that the method of defending these laws in the light of physiological and economic facts rather than on legal precedent has been brought into vogue through the initiative of Mr. Brandeis, under whose direction Miss Goldmark gathered the necessary facts for the National Consumers' League. And it was just such an argument that Professor Frankfurter again presented in defense of the Oregon Ten-Hour Law. In regard to the three hours of overtime which the law allows, he stated that only great economic pressure would induce an employer to pay the penalty of a fifty per cent increase in the rate of wages for overtime work, and that consequently such incidents would be rare; that, according to the Census of 1910, only six per cent of the workers in Oregon are employed more than ten hours daily; that it was, furthermore, peculiarly within the play of the Legislature to take care of the needs of fluctuating business with this margin of allowance.

Most interesting of the testimony presented, however, was that in defense, not of the margin of overtime, but of the shortened work-day. Most of the facts on which Professor Frankfurter based his defense came from England, where, at the outbreak of the war, all legal safeguards were disregarded, and men and women worked seventy, eighty, and ninety hours a week in the making of munitions, clothing, surgical dressings, etc., needed for the army. It shortly appeared, however, that the output from the factories was becoming progressively poorer and the workers were becoming stale, and therefore unconscious slackers. Thereupon three commissions were set to work to study the matter. The committee on the health of munition workers, Sir George Newman chairman, brought out a series of reports; the British Association for the Advancement of Science brought out two more, as did Professor Stanley Kent, of the University of Bristol, working for the British Home Office. These reports were unanimous in their conclusions that overwork was "physiologically and economically extravagant." They recommended the shortening of the work-day and the observance of one day of rest in seven—recommendations which have in many cases been followed, with consequent improvement in the condition of the workers and quality of the product.

AMERICANS IN TURKEY

As relatives and friends feel anxiety concerning Americans in Turkey, we would quote from a somewhat reassuring letter

to The Outlook from Dr. James L. Barton, of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions (Congregational). This Board has over ninety missionaries in Turkey. In addition to them there are the teachers connected with Robert College and Constantinople College at the capital, and the Syrian Protestant College at Beirut. The last-named institution recently lost its noble founder, the Rev. Dr. Daniel Bliss. Some time ago his son, the Rev. Dr. Howard Bliss, had succeeded his father in the presidency. The President of Robert College is the Rev. Dr. Caleb F. Gates, and the President of Constantinople College is Dr. Mary Mills Patrick, who is now in this country. Add the personnel of these three colleges and the Presbyterian missionaries in Syria, and we have a total of some two hundred American missionaries and teachers in the Turkish Empire.

As regards the relation of Americans to the local officials, conditions, at the last report, had become more favorable, says Dr. Barton. "We have had no intimation in the last year and a half from missionaries at any point in the interior that there was any danger whatever threatening them from Turkish officials; in fact, from several places, like Harput, they have reported an increasing friendliness and co-operation."

Concerning the German officials Dr. Barton says: "The German Ambassador has shown himself to be in sympathy with the work of our missionaries in distributing relief and in caring for the people in dire distress. . . . The German Consul at Sivas, for instance, had seemed to go out of his way to show kindness and courtesy."

So much for official life. As regards the natives, the Mohammedans are beginning to suffer severely. "Moslem refugees are appearing in Harput, Sivas, and other regions to the south in terribly destitute condition." Right here is where America comes in. Because America is looked to as a source of relief, affirms Dr. Barton, many Mohammedans realize that they must remain in friendly relations with the United States in order that this relief may not be cut off. They know that for more than half a century a stream of benevolence has been flowing toward Turkey from the United States, amounting in all to from forty to fifty million dollars. Thus the United States is the best friend Turkey ever had. Nor have we ever sought for Turkish territory or attempted to curtail Turkish sovereignty. "But the Turks well know," says Dr. Barton, "that Germany, if successful in this war, will eliminate Turkish sovereignty except in name, and that if Germany loses Turkey will lose practically everything. In other words, her closest ally already has a hand upon Turkish sovereignty, and that hand will never be voluntarily withdrawn."

It is apparent, if we accept Dr. Barton's interpretation of the situation, that, whatever may be the outcome of the war, Turkey is likely to lose completely her sovereignty, if not her territory, in Europe. Should Germany ever realize her dreams of domination in the Near East, Constantinople would become in fact, if not in name, a Germanic capital. If the Allies win, Constantinople must inevitably come under Russian influence, if not into Russian possession. It must be remembered that much the largest territorial part of the Turkish Empire is in Asia Minor. Nobody supposes that Turkey will be wiped out as a nation, and therefore her national life is likely to have its future in Asia Minor. For this development in Asia Minor Turkey will need to borrow large sums after the war is over. The European nations will be in no condition to lend. Only America, asserts Dr. Barton, will be able to loan the money required for building railways, opening mines, and developing latent wealth.

THE DEATH OF WILLIAM B. HOWLAND

We record with deep regret the sudden death last week of William B. Howland, who for twenty-three years was associated with the business management of The Outlook. Mr. Howland was interested in weekly journalism from his very early manhood. He was first proprietor of a country weekly at Chatham, New York; in 1882 he founded and became proprietor of "Outing"; in 1885 he purchased and became editor of the Cambridge, Massachusetts, "Tribune"; and in 1890 he was called to New York to become the publisher, or business manager, and treasurer of The Outlook, which position he held until 1913, when he resigned and purchased an interest in the

"Independent." At the time of his death he was president of the Independent Corporation.

Mr. Howland was a man of distinguished ability in the periodical field. He combined a practical knowledge of the art of printing with a deep and broad interest in periodical literature which enabled him to carry on the business administration of the various periodicals with which he was connected on a high plane. His interests were not limited to the periodical field, but he gave generously of his time and energy to many sociological and philanthropic organizations. He was for several years treasurer of the Congregational Home Missionary Society; at the time of his death was treasurer of the Society for Italian Immigrants, was a commissioner of the State Reservation at Niagara Falls, and was one of the active participants in the organized movement to celebrate the hundred years of peace which has existed between Great Britain and the United States since 1812. In recognition of his effective activities in promoting friendly relations between Canada and the United States, the University of Toronto conferred upon him a year or two ago an honorary degree. He was a man of great generosity and kindness, and wherever he worked his associates immediately felt the cordial influence of his human sympathy and buoyant good spirits. We know how greatly his associates of the "Independent," upon which periodical he had deeply stamped the impress of his vital personality, will feel his loss, because we know and are glad to acknowledge here how much he contributed to the efficiency and welfare of The Outlook during his long and active connection with it.

COLLEGE SPORTS IN THE SNOW

The steady growth in popularity at American colleges of outdoor winter sports is a healthy sign. Of course hockey long has had a secure foothold in the American college, but hockey is often played in an indoor rink, and it is especially to sports in the snow that we refer now. How much healthier, for instance, are the contests on ski and snow-shoe than basket-ball, which is usually played in bad air! Comparison on this basis with chess, debating, and less distinguished indoor pastimes, common in American colleges during the winter term, is of course superfluous, however high may be the value of these activities from an intellectual point of view.

We do not pretend to give a complete review of the ski and snow-shoe contests at all American colleges this winter, but two recent carnivals, or "meets," are especially noteworthy. In what is said to have been the first intercollegiate ski relay race ever held in this country Williams defeated Colgate recently over a three-mile course at Hamilton, New York. Williams also won the meet of which this race was a feature by a score of 33½ to 25½. But the Williams men, like the snow athletes of several other institutions, were forced to bow to the representatives of Dartmouth College in the contests of the seventh annual Winter Carnival of the Dartmouth Outing Club. Dartmouth won this meet easily, scoring more points than her four competitors combined, which were New Hampshire State College, Middlebury College, Williams College, and McGill University of Toronto. One of the most popular and spectacular events was the ski-jumping contest, and at this event a school-boy, J. Carleton, of the Hanover High School, surpassed his older competitors by a jump of seventy-nine feet.

It is pleasant to chronicle the fact that in the colleges which have taken up the sports of the snow-shoe and ski, competition has not been permitted to restrict participation to all but the very proficient few, as it has in football and other longer-established sports. The Dartmouth Outing Club has a paid membership of over seven hundred, representing practically half the student enrollment of the College. Thanks to the enterprise of the club, a chain of seven cabins has been built, extending from the College, at Hanover, to the heart of the White Mountains. These cabins make possible long trips over the deep snow by the undergraduates, and more than thirty such trips are annually taken by the club. Purely as an "enrollment builder" through the attraction it must have for the average healthy American youth, the Dartmouth Outing Club would seem to be by no means the least advantage possessed by this excellent and picturesque hill college.

MAKING A UTOPIA OF FRAMINGHAM

Some time ago we called attention to a proposed Community Health and Tuberculosis Demonstration whereby the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis hoped to be able to demonstrate that tuberculosis can be entirely eradicated from a community. It now transpires that the fund of \$100,000 which makes this experiment possible was given by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. After an exhaustive investigation to find a city suitable for the demonstration, the supervising committee has selected Framingham, Massachusetts, a community of sixteen thousand people.

Dr. Donald B. Armstrong, formerly of the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, has been chosen as the director of the experiment. Dr. Armstrong took up his residence in Framingham late in November.

In an official announcement Dr. Armstrong says that the reasons Framingham is chosen for the experiment are seven, namely:

1. Because Framingham is in a good State, with a good Department of Health.
2. Because it contains various types of industry, various kinds of people racially, and is a separate self-supporting community, and not a suburb.
3. Because the town has a good Board of Health and health officer and wide-awake and progressive city officials.
4. Because the town has a good hospital and progressive physicians.
5. Because of the promise of co-operation from private and official bodies.
6. Because health conditions are average and typical, there being an average amount of tuberculosis and average activity in its attempted control.
7. Because it is an average town with real problems, but with a "forward look."

The programme by which it is hoped to wipe out tuberculosis calls for the following:

1. The establishment of an office, which Dr. Armstrong has named the Community Health Station, and the appointment of a local committee to co-operate with Dr. Armstrong.
2. Complete care for all known cases of tuberculosis.
3. The early discovery, through the co-operation of Framingham physicians and nurses, of unknown advanced cases.
4. A thorough knowledge of the entire town, including knowledge of sanitary, factory, school, and commercial conditions.
5. The establishment of a series of tuberculosis lectures and clinics by experts, for local physicians, to show the way to use the best methods of diagnosis and treatment.
6. The co-ordination of Framingham's health activities, including school and factory health supervision, infant and health work, and charitable relief.
7. The co-ordination, and, if necessary, the expansion, of Framingham's medical facilities, including laboratory, dispensary, and hospital.
8. An educational campaign carried on through school and factory and general publicity channels.
9. Thorough medical examination of all Framingham citizens by their own physicians or at the dispensary.
10. Home treatment with adequate care and nursing facilities for tuberculosis cases where possible.

It is also proposed to use temporarily an old school building in the rural section of Framingham for the treatment of certain types of cases, while another old school building may be used during certain months of the year as a preventorium for under-nourished children who have been exposed to tuberculosis.

When these various activities have been set afoot, and the medical, nursing, and charitable facilities co-ordinated, it is believed adequate provision will exist for taking care of all types of tuberculosis, including the pre-tuberculous, the suspicious cases, the incipient cases, the advanced cases, the surgical cases, and the arrested cases which have been under treatment. It is confidently believed that the vigorous prosecution of this campaign will make Framingham, so far as tuberculosis is concerned, a "Spotless Town," with vastly improved general public health and a greatly reduced death rate.

THE NEW INDUSTRIAL CODES OF PENNSYLVANIA

Pennsylvania is moving forward so far as State control of working conditions is concerned. For years Pennsylvania has been allowing an incredible casualty list among her workers.

CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Farr in the New York Evening Telegram



PRUSSIA'S NEW WAR COUNCIL

Kirby in the New York World



NOTHING TO EAT BUT MONEY

Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle



INACTION MAKETH THE FEET COLD

Darling in the New York Tribune



THE PACIFIST

For the first eight months of 1916, for instance, Pennsylvania workers to the number of 1,582 were killed and 166,084 were injured by industrial accidents. Many such injuries have occurred because of improper working conditions and lack of safety devices. Now the State has stepped in and gone beyond anything yet accomplished in American industry in the new safety codes it has drawn up and is still formulating for the governing of industry throughout the State. Eventually every considerable industry in Pennsylvania will be governed by a State safety code.

There is a new note in these safety codes. They represent not so much power of government as co-operation between government and the governed. For the safety code to control each industry is drawn up only after long observation and experimentation by a joint committee composed of officials of the State Department of Labor and Industry and representatives of the industry under discussion. In almost every industry the employers have assisted the code committee in every possible way.

These safety codes are remarkably comprehensive. The one most recently completed—the explosives code—comprises approximately fifty typewritten pages. It deals exhaustively with the manufacture of every class of explosives. It contains provisions respecting the structural features of plants, ventilation, the prevention of explosions, and the number of employees allowed in each kind of building. The use of metal tools is largely prohibited. Carrying matches is forbidden.

Another code recently adopted is that regulating the manufacture of paint. This code provides, among other things, that floors in paint factories shall be cleaned with vacuum cleaners instead of brooms; that twice each week employees shall be given fifteen minutes to bathe; and that at least once a month they shall undergo a physical examination, to be paid for by the employer. In one respect this code is the most advanced regulation in American industry. It requires employers to discourage the use of alcohol and tobacco among employees, as these drugs lay the body open to lead-poisoning.

Perhaps the passage of the Workingmen's Compensation Law has had a quickening effect upon the consciences of employers. Perhaps there are other reasons for this new attitude of employers.

If the attitude of Pennsylvania manufacturers toward the State Department of Labor and Industry is typical of American employers in general, and it probably is, we are moving very fast toward a new and better situation in industry—the day of an industrial map entirely white.

THE LIQUOR QUESTION IN ENGLAND

England has always been the stronghold of personal liberty. That is one of the reasons why the temperance workers of that country have had so hard a row to hoe. The English Government, in attempting to cut down the drinking of alcoholic liquor, has been able to regulate its sale in a very large measure; but the idea of prohibition is something so foreign to the English nature that it has found very tardy acceptance.

A clipping of an advertisement from an English newspaper suggests something of the change in public opinion which has been taking place in that country on the liquor question since the beginning of the war. This advertisement, put out over the name of the "Strength of Britain Movement," is illustrated by a large boiler labeled "Britain's Strength." In this boiler there are pictured four leaks: "The Pleasure Motoring Leak," "The Coal, Gas, and Electric Lighting Leak," "The New Apparel Leak," and a huge hole from which is pouring a large stream of money labeled "The Big Alcohol Leak." Here is the interpretation of that picture:

The Parliamentary War Savings Committee has spent thousands of pounds on posters to impress us that if we buy unnecessary new apparel, run a motor car for pleasure, or use coal, gas, or electric light extravagantly, *we are helping the Germans*.

Yet the waste in these directions is *paltry* compared with the waste on alcohol.

Over FOUR HUNDRED MILLIONS [two billion dollars] of the people's money have been spent on alcoholic liquors since the war began.

And, unlike the waste on clothing, motoring, and lighting, which at least circulates money in legitimate trade channels and helps to keep the wheels of commerce turning, the greater part of this £400,000,000 is *sheer waste*, productive only of injury to the individual and weakness to the nation. *Britain would have been a wealthier nation to-day had those four hundred millions been thrown to the bottom of the sea*, for money spent on alcohol when we are at war is not only a waste in itself, but spreads waste in all directions.

In a series of brief paragraphs there follows a statement of the various ways in which alcohol is wasting the resources of Great Britain:

Alcohol WASTES the people's money. Every day £500,000 flows into the public houses instead of into the National Savings Fund.

It WASTES the time of the intemperate workman, and seriously reduces his efficiency when he is at work.

It WASTES the time of the steady, temperate workman, who often cannot get on with his work because other men are away on the drink.

It WASTES the power of our navy by hindering the completion of war vessels of every grade and delaying urgent naval repairs.

It WASTES the strength of Britain by interfering with efficiency. Admiral Jellicoe states that drink causes thirty per cent inefficiency in shooting.

It WASTES coal, of which there is such a shortage that 11,000 miners have now to be taken out of the army for the coal mines, yet the liquor traffic takes the entire output of 6,000 miners.

It WASTES labor badly needed for munitions, shipbuilding, mining, and other war work. The man power it has wasted since the war began is just as if the entire nation had stood idle for one hundred days.

Such an advertisement must make strange reading for some English eyes.

WAR WITH GERMANY

STEADILY and unmistakably the United States has been and is moving toward war.

In spite of the efforts of those who would maintain peace at any or almost any price, in spite of the reluctance of the President to take any aggressive step even for the maintenance of legal and moral right, we are already virtually in a state of war with Germany, and before this paper reaches its readers war may be declared.

What has led to this state of affairs?

By her invasion of Belgium and by her deliberate violation of the rules of civilized warfare Germany at the outset of the world war affronted every civilized nation, including the United States. In February, 1915, she threw down the gauntlet to every user of the high seas by her so-called war zone decree. In this she announced warfare against non-combatants and neutrals. To that decree the United States replied by declaring that in case of the loss of American lives or of American ships the American Government would hold Germany to a "strict accountability." Germany chose to disregard that warning and destroyed American life, and did so with impunity. Then, with a deliberation attested by official announcement of her intention, Germany murdered over a hundred Americans and over a thousand other non-combatants in the shocking destruction of the Lusitania. Our Government did not do what it had said it would do.

We did not hold Germany to accountability, strict or otherwise. We protested, however. Throughout the summer of 1915 Germany continued her war on non-combatants and neutrals. The list of her crimes on the high seas is too long to rehearse. It culminated in March, 1916, in the attack on the Sussex to the peril and injury of Americans and the death of other non-combatants who were traveling on that Channel steamer. Then, at our warning, Germany gave a pledge, not to do what we in the name of civilization demanded, but at least to refrain from being utterly ruthless. This pledge had a proviso which we rejected. On the eve of the first of last month came Germany's repudiation of her pledge, and a proposal that we paint and navigate our vessels according to Germany's commands. This repudiation and insult strained the President's patience to the breaking-

point. He broke off diplomatic relations with Germany. Even then there was no active step taken to protect our shipping. The President awaited an "overt act." Then followed the sinking of the Housatonic. That we condoned. Then came the sinking of the Lyman M. Law. That, too, was condoned on the ground that (to quote the President's own words) it "disclosed a ruthlessness of method which deserves grave condemnation, but was accompanied by no circumstances which might not have been expected at any time in connection with the use of the submarine against merchantmen as the German Government has used it." So used have we become to these murderous attacks that we regard continued ruthlessness as its own palliative. Now has come the sinking of the Laconia. In every respect except the arithmetical one of the number of lives lost the case of the Laconia duplicates that of the Lusitania.

In two years nothing has been gained. Everything that pointed to war then points to war now, and, in addition, we have endured a heaping up of injury and insult, till now our shipping is under blockade and our goods are piling up in our ports because we have not yet as a people decided to assert our rights. That is why war is imminent.

Ambassador Gerard, as this is written, is sailing from Europe, and has been told, according to reports, that he can cross the ocean only at the peril of his life and of the lives of those accompanying him. Vessels of our navy carrying relief supplies to starving non-combatants in Syria have been told that they are not to have any safe-conduct or guarantee against attack by submarine. In these two cases, as in others, lies the possibility of a sudden outbreak of hostilities.

For this our country is almost wholly unprepared. We have been discussing peace, not getting ready for war. This is not a partisan charge. It is a fact recognized by men high in office under this Administration.

What ought this country to do?

1. Congress, by the time this issue is published, should have granted to the President full authority to do whatever is necessary to protect our right to travel and conduct our commerce on the high seas. That he thinks he has this authority already is no reason why Congress should withhold assent to his request for its support.

2. This authority should be given in such form as to avoid any suggestion that the President has no reason for calling the new Congress together at once. Indeed, we hope that before Congress adjourns it will have provided that the new Congress should assemble promptly not later than the first Monday in April, whether the President summons it or not. The new Congress ought always to be convened immediately after the inauguration of the President. There is special reason why it ought to be so convened this year.

3. American citizens everywhere should support by word and action every measure undertaken by the President and by Congress, or, in lieu of co-operation between President and Congress, every means undertaken by either of them which promises effectually and promptly to uphold the rights of Americans, of non-combatants, of neutrals, and of the public law of nations against the deliberate and criminal course of the German Government.

MOTOR BOATS AND PATRIOTISM

All the way up and down our coast there are motor boats and small yachts in the hands of private owners. In case of war these will be exceedingly useful to the country. They can be organized to form what in England is known as the "fringe of the navy." Germany has proved that she can bring submarines to our coast. It is not improbable that she can establish submarine bases on this side of the ocean. The motor boat is the most available enemy of the belligerent submarine. Because of their shallow draught, the motor boat and small yacht are virtually immune from torpedoes.

Assistant Secretary of the Navy Franklin D. Roosevelt has publicly stated the need of the Government for private vessels of this kind. Every owner of a motor boat or small yacht on the Atlantic coast can help to serve his Government at this time by registering his boat, and, if he is a navigator, by regis-

tering himself at the nearest navy-yard. A letter or telegram or call in person can serve to let the naval authorities know the size and location of the motor boat, and the qualifications of the owner or of any employee who is willing to register.

This is something that can be done at once; and the sooner it is done, the greater the service.

A BUDGET SYSTEM

The need of a National budget system was never more clearly demonstrated than in the final days of the Sixty-fourth Congress. At this writing, only a few days before the session of Congress expires by legal limitation, there are several enormous and highly important appropriation bills waiting to be passed. If they are not passed, there will probably have to be an extra session of Congress in order to obtain the necessary money to run the Government during the ensuing fiscal year. It is now the 28th of February, and Congress must adjourn on March 4, and yet no man knows just what appropriation bills Congress will pass, if any.

But this is not the only indication of the loose and unbusinesslike manner in which we Americans conduct the National finances of a country that receives and spends more money for government than any other country in the world. Having considered various appropriation measures, amounting this year in the case of the Post-Office to over \$300,000,000, and in the case of the navy to over half a billion, Congress must raise the revenue to pay the appropriations. The House of Representatives has passed the Revenue Bill and the Senate is now considering it. There has been an estimated deficit of \$379,000,000 between the amount needed for Government expenditures and the estimated receipts from present revenue sources. The result is that, in addition to increasing other sources of revenue, Congress proposes a new form of taxation, which, it is hoped, may bring in some \$200,000,000—an eight per cent tax on the profits of all corporations, with the exemption from taxation of the sum of five thousand dollars in each case, and eight per cent which may be paid to stockholders on "actual capital invested." In its original form the bill taxes the profits of the mutual life insurance companies. These companies, however, justly say that their profits are not for stockholders but for policy-holders. The policyholders receive these profits either as deductions from their premiums or as additions to the face of their policies.

Insurance is simply a semi-compulsory form of thrift or savings, and one of the most successful forms. To tax the policyholders in the mutual companies by increasing the amount of their premiums or by reducing the value of their policies is placing an obstruction in the way of thrift. It is certainly to be hoped that Congress will exempt mutual insurance companies from this eight per cent tax on profits when proof is furnished that the profits are not retained in the companies' treasuries, but are passed on to the policy-holders. These defects show the haste with which the Revenue Bill has necessarily been prepared, and this haste in turn is an indication of the lack of scientific consideration in Congress of the receipts and expenditures of the Government.

The only way in which Government finances can be managed in a businesslike way is by the establishment of a budget system. Writing to *The Outlook* concerning the importance of a National budget, Mr. McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury, says:

I am distinctly of the opinion that it would be well for Congress to consider the establishment of a budgetary or other fiscal plan for the purpose of more scientific treatment of the problem of Government expenditure in relation to Government income, and in this connection permit me to say that I recently submitted to the Chairman of the House Committee on Ways and Means, for the consideration of that Committee, a suggestion of the appointment of a joint committee of the two houses of Congress with direction to co-operate with the Secretary of the Treasury in studying and evolving such a plan for the consideration of Congress.

At present Congress, through its own special committees, determines on appropriations and methods of raising revenue. The result is necessarily incoherent. In England the preparation of the Budget is an executive matter, and Parliament only

passes on the wisdom of each item separately, and finally accepts or rejects the entire Budget. The British Parliament cannot increase the separate items or the grand total of the Budget. It can only decrease them. The same principle should be adopted by the United States. The Secretary of the Treasury might prepare the budget, with the aid, of course, of any and all officers of the Government on whom he calls for assistance. The budget could be passed and approved item by item by Congress. In England, if the Budget prepared by the Chancellor of the Exchequer fails finally to pass, the Government falls and a new Prime Minister is appointed. Of course that could not be done in the United States without a change in the Constitution, but the public would have an opportunity of seeing the complete estimate of appropriations and the complete estimate of receipts in a form in which they could be easily compared, and individual members of Congress could thus be held responsible for their votes either on items of appropriation or on items of taxation. This cannot be done now, because both appropriation bills and taxation bills are framed by a number of unrelated committees.

On the whole, the best simple definition of a National budget which we have seen was that given in a recent address before the United States Chamber of Commerce by Mr. Harvey S. Chase, a member of President Taft's Commission on Economy and Efficiency. We quote his words, as follows:

"A national budget comprises three fundamental parts: (1) A tabulation of proposed expenditures, classified in an intelligible manner. (2) A tabulation of expected revenues, also classified intelligently. (3) Tabulations of the actual expenditure and of the actual revenue of each of a series of preceding years, together with statements of the estimates for those years; so that the actual results can be compared with the 'estimates' of each year, and also with the estimates for the new year.

"The Government of the United States does not publish or use a budget in the described sense. Why?"

That this is not a visionary idea is proved by the fact that not long ago the United States Chamber of Commerce held a referendum on the question of its plan for a National budget. One hundred and fifty-two boards of trade, chambers of commerce, and similar organizations of business men in thirty-four States took part in the referendum. There were five hundred and seventy-three votes in favor of and only ten votes opposed to the budget plan. We are not here discussing the details, but only the general principle of a National budget. The executive and legislative method of putting it in operation should be determined by experts, following the analogy of the Federal Reserve Law.

THE COLOMBIAN TREATY AND OUR NATIONAL HONOR

It has been reported that there would be a strenuous effort in the last week of the Sixty-fourth Congress to secure ratification by the Senate of the proposed treaty with Colombia. This treaty, under its present form, would pay fifteen million dollars out of the United States Treasury into that of Colombia. So far as this treaty would give the United States any material advantages it is open to discussion as to value given and value received. The main purpose of the treaty is avowedly to compensate Colombia for the loss of the territory of Panama and the loss of advantage from the Canal which the United States has built there, and thereby to gain Colombia's good will.

There are two classes of advocates for this use of American public money. One class, while admitting that the conduct of the United States at the time of the revolution in Panama and subsequently was correct and honorable, yet are so generous and bountiful and magnanimous that they feel that Colombia should be paid some sum of money because she did, in fact, suffer loss. But another class of advocates of the measure insist that we are morally bound to make this payment in order "to clear the Nation's honor." This exact phrase just quoted, for instance, is the title of an editorial in the New York "Evening Post," which says that "this country did Colombia a grievous injury, and we are bound in honor to make amends for it," and speaks of the

need of "the cleansing of a National stain." It now seems improbable that the Senate will ratify this measure, but such an assertion of American dishonor should not be allowed to pass without contradiction. Since the newspaper which has just been quoted as aspersing the National honor names John Hay as one of those who admitted that our course toward Colombia created a liability on our part, we will cite words used by John Hay: "The action of the President in the Panama matter is not only in the strictest accordance with the principles of justice and equity, and in line with all the best precedents of our public policy, but it was the only course he could have taken in compliance with our treaty rights and obligations."

If this country has such superabundant wealth—more than is needed for the great emergency of this time, more than is needed for a proper plan of preparedness, more than is needed for possible war, more than is needed for the rightful upbuilding of American interests; and if, also, the Senate wishes to donate millions of the people's money to a nation which we have not wronged, but which, on the other hand, despicably tried to wrong this country, then we have nothing to say. But if the facts as to the secession of Panama from Colombia, the recognition of the new Republic by the United States, and later the acquisition of the Canal Zone, are once more to be twisted and perverted into a confession of dishonorable conduct by this country, it is time to call a halt.

Mr. Roosevelt was perfectly justified by history when he wrote years ago in *The Outlook*: "We did harm to no one save as harm is done to a bandit by a policeman who deprives him of his chance for blackmail." Colombia suffered, not from ill-doing by the United States, but by the ill-doing of a scoundrel who was allowed by Colombia to dictate its international policy. Among the tyrannical and greedy despots who have from time to time ruled Central American republics, Marroquin was one of the most sinister. He, as Vice-President, took all power into his own hands by the simple process of imprisoning the President and dispersing Congress. So long as there was any possibility of this Government choosing the Nicaraguan route for the Canal, Colombia was all friendliness; a fair treaty was agreed upon, and a fair ratification and execution of the agreement would have been to the benefit of Colombia as well as to that of the United States. But so soon as our Government purchased the French Panama Canal rights for forty million dollars, Marroquin saw his chance to hold us up, to use plain colloquial language. For one day only he called his Congress together again, ordered it to refuse to ratify the treaty, and then sent it back once more to its banishment. He next raised a false and foolish claim that Colombia was entitled to the money paid to the French bondholders. To accede to his demands would have been to make this country the victim of blackmail, to prevent the building of the Canal at all, and thus to hold back the course of the world's civilization.

In this situation, the province or district of Panama revolted, not for the first time, nor for the tenth time, nor without ample reason, for it saw that its interests in the Canal were being destroyed by Colombia. Our duty was to keep peace on the Isthmus and to keep the transit open. We were bound to do this by treaty. We had done it over and over again in cases which benefited Colombia. Now we did it in a case which benefited Panama. The revolution succeeded and the Canal was built. What we did was strictly our duty under the treaty, and we simply exercised again, as we had before, the rights and powers peculiar to the United States which we possessed under that treaty. If we had not done so, the Canal would not to-day be in existence. If we had not done so, we should have been in the humiliating position of having submitted to conduct which would have amply justified our declaring war against Colombia if it were a large and powerful nation. The people of Panama were unanimous in their desire to be rid of Colombian tyranny, and what we gave them was the opportunity to become free. We did not cheat Colombia; Colombia tried to cheat us and failed. If money is now paid by this country to Colombia, it will be taken the world over as an admission of wrong-doing, and, however the treaty is worded, the general belief will be that we have paid conscience money.

We owe Colombia nothing; least of all do we owe her an apology.

THE FOOD DEMONSTRATIONS IN NEW YORK

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

FREE speech, free assembly, and the courts have long meant to the Anglo-Saxon what the right of petition has been to other races, particularly to the Russian and the Jew. Under autocracies the only means of redress has been to present memorials. Czars even have listened when their people humbly came to beg deliverance. These same people have brought with them to America their belief in the power of petition.

Aroused by fast-mounting food prices, the workingwomen of New York's great Hebrew population resorted last month to Old World usages, petitioned the Mayor and Board of Estimate, and in one utmost surge of discontent sought to march up Fifth Avenue to lay their troubles before the Governor of the State.

This was the climax of the so-called "bread riots" which had already reverberated in the halls of Congress to force the passage of appropriations for food investigations. These "riots" woke anxious warnings in the press as to the beginnings of the French Revolution; but deeper insight into the matter showed that the women of New York's East Side, by no means ravenous like the *Jacquerie* of 1789, were yet hungry enough to remember and put to use their old prerogative of petition.

"Never more than two weeks from the poorhouse" even in the best of times, the margin of these workers is always of the closest. In the city's chief industry, the clothing trade, wages have not greatly increased. As in other cities, food has never been so dear. Potatoes at ten cents a pound, onions at twenty, and cabbages at eight and ten will wreck any household budget; it brings despair to the Jewish housewife, who complains:

"There was a time when we could get twenty pounds of potatoes for twenty cents; now for twenty pounds we must pay two dollars. The woman who goes out with maybe twenty-five cents to buy dinner for her family, what does she get? Nothing but a smell of the food she cannot buy."

Incensed by facts which they could neither cope with nor understand, the East Side first vented its anger on the peddlers who line its streets. Pushcarts were overturned and their contents drenched in kerosene. A boycott was placed on groceries of airplaning prices. Finally, the Mothers' Anti-High Price League was formed and a delegation appointed to take their troubles to the Mayor.

The committee asked Mr. Mitchel to obtain from the Board of Estimate a million dollars for the purchase and distribution of foodstuffs, a request the Mayor promised to present. In the course of the interview one of the women, white-haired and dignified, took exception to the Mayor's statement that he felt deeply their distress and privation.

"No, Mister Mayor Mitchel, excuse me, sir, you do not feel it. You think you feel as we do, but if you are not hungry you cannot. This morning you had your breakfast, to-day you will have your luncheon, to-night you will have your dinner; how, then, can you feel what it is not to have food?"

At the meeting of the Board of Estimate the same note was repeated. "We come to you gentlemen here with beeg heads," one excited matron began, "and you tell us that there are no laws to let you help us. You cannot take the *sails out of our wind* like that. We women don't understand laws; an empty stomach makes an empty head. But if you would go in a slumming party to see how we must live, if you would see the children hungry when they go to school, you would not wait till we starve before you give us help."

Along with the Mothers came Miss Lillian Wald, of the Henry Street Settlement, to testify to the urgency of the situation. Miss Wald spoke of the discouragement of the women whom she knew as neighbors when after a hard day's work they were unable to buy bread for their families.

"There is one thing I would ask your Honor," she said, with great earnestness. "Among the relief measures which you may consider, I would urge that you do not for one moment discuss

opening soup kitchens. These people are self-supporting. They do not want and should not be offered charity."

The meeting resulted in a resolution to amend the City Charter to allow the purchase and sale of provisions in times of crisis.

On the following day the Mothers' League called a mass-meeting in Madison Square. By noon the women began to gather in their districts to march on Twenty-third Street. They came in little processions, baby carriages bringing up the rear, flanked by men bearing impromptu banners of black cheese-cloth lettered in white tape like this: "Greedy Speculators Beware! The String is Breaking," or "We Want Cheaper the High Price of Food." Many were in Yiddish, but one bore a sign all could understand: a pitchfork with onions and potatoes on the prongs. Beneath was a card reading, "Keep Away, You Slaves!"

Most of the Mothers wore the badge of the recent immigrant, the shawl over the head. They spoke little English, but the youngsters stood by eager to interpret.

"She say she is mudder of four childer and wife of a work-ingman who make ten dollar a week by suits and cloaks," explained the translator. "The week they pay the rent they have no meat." "This one, she say she pay eight cents for three potatoes and five cents for one onion. At night when they sleep sugar is so much; in the morning when they wake they find it is so much more; they say, 'Why iss it?'"

Everywhere the stories were the same. The daily allowance for food left families unfed. Starvation had not yet come, but they saw its footprints around their doors. Charity they would not take. They could be helped only by the Mayor, or perhaps the Governor.

The idea of appealing to the Governor swept the meeting. They appointed a committee to seek him immediately and ask that he expedite emergency legislation. But this did not satisfy. They had been too long trained in the personal relation between a governor and his people to accept representative procedure. In Hungary, in Poland, in Russia, the way to present petitions was to go *en masse*; why not in New York?

As the meeting was almost over, about three hundred of the crowd started up Madison Avenue to march to the Waldorf Astoria Hotel, where they believed they would find Governor Whitman. They took the police unawares, and surged along, from Twenty-sixth to Thirty-fourth Street, women, children, and a few men, gathering recruits with every block. At Thirty-second Street they turned into Fifth Avenue and saw the Waldorf Astoria ahead, but by the time they reached the hotel the doors had been barricaded by porters and bellboys, while police reserves had been despatched from headquarters.

"We want the Governor! let us in to see the Governor, he will give us food!" shouted the crowd, while the police strove to make them understand that the Governor was not there. Passers-by were appealed to, and women carrying bundles were reproached that they had money to buy when others were hungry. An automobilist sought to get through the crowd at Thirty-fourth Street and roused its anger. Men jumped on the running-boards and threatened the driver, shouting, "Your wife will soon be like ours, hungry for bread!"

Meantime women had climbed on posts and railings and were exhorting the mob. Others rapped on windows behind which the Waldorf Astoria guests were drinking tea, and demanded admittance. For nearly an hour bedlam was loose, until the police, their patience exhausted, pulled out their night-sticks and cleared the side streets and the avenue.

At the St. Regis Hotel, farther up Fifth Avenue, Governor Whitman received the authorized delegation. He promised them to do what he could, but said that he believed the hardships exaggerated and the demonstration inspired; that there were plenty of moderate-priced goods to be substituted for the expensive. As the committee withdrew, one woman voiced her own and her sisters' discontent with the Governor's attitude: "Well, if cabbages were clothes, these men, who think they

could handle our marketing better than we, would soon find that they would have to pay from a hundred to a thousand dollars for a suit. How would they like to buy new clothes every

morning at prices like that, and then be told that they'd better wear a blanket to the office—they'd find it just as warm?"

MARY DEWHURST.

ON THE "VERGE OF WAR"

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM WASHINGTON

LAST December, according to the Secretary of State, the United States was on the "verge of war," and, according to every indication, the United States has remained on the "verge of war" ever since. What might be naturally expected of the national legislative body of a country in that position? That it should spend valuable hours discussing whether a jury was right or wrong in failing to recompense the owner of two city lots for a slice of land taken by the city for the improvement of its property? That it should debate at length whether it would remove a tax levied in order to prevent oleomargarine from masquerading as butter? That it should discuss with detail whether a hospital should be located at Reservation No. 13 or at Fourteenth and Upshur Street N. W.? Yet these were some of the questions on which I heard members of the Senate and House of Representatives within the past few days expend oratory and display excitement.

I happened to be in London at the outbreak of the war, and heard some of the debates in the British Parliament. The conditions then and there and those here and now were not identical, but they were analogous. The British debaters were as human as the American debaters, and in some respects they were more parochial; for while the subjects the Americans discussed dealt with the National capital and a National tax, the subjects which the British debaters discussed were local—such as the interest of the seaside boarding-house keepers whose livelihood was threatened by the impending hostilities, and the interests of the families of territorials called to home defense, and the like. Nevertheless, the subjects discussed in the British Parliament all concerned the one overshadowing fact of the nation's peril and the duty to provide against it and ameliorate its effects, while in Congress the subjects discussed were as likely as not to be far removed from the immediate menace to the whole country's safety, honor, and obligation.

The reason for this difference between the British Parliament and the American Congress can be stated in one word—leadership. In England there were leaders willing to lead. The rank and file in Parliament, therefore, since they had to discuss something, discussed local affairs; but their minds were on the war. The rank and file in Congress, on the other hand, find themselves without leadership. Mr. Kitchin, the Democratic floor leader, is out of touch with his fellow-Democrats; and Mr. Mann, the Republican floor leader, is out of touch with the country. In the Senate there is no real unity in either party. And just now, when, through lack of leadership in Congress, the opportunity for leadership is knocking at the President's door more loudly than ever before, the President declines to lead.

Ever since the President broke off diplomatic relations with Germany, Congress has been restive. To the self-respecting members of Congress with whom I have talked the Blockade of Fear from which we have been suffering has been a humiliation. Congress has been waiting for the word that would bring this situation to an end; but no one has known what to expect. Most believe war inevitable; but one Senator, who is far from being a pacifist, declared that, unlike the majority, he did not believe war would come. For days there were rumors that the President was to appear before Congress, and some members of Congress were hoping that at that time the President would outline the policy and assume the leadership.

On Monday, February 26, just before noon, I learned that the President was to address Congress in person at one o'clock. I was told that this was to be a great historic occasion. My companion and I—who had been unable to obtain one of the rare tickets of admission to the galleries—watched the President come up in the elevator reserved for members of Congress, go into the Speaker's Room, and promptly at one o'clock cross the corridor to the hall of the House of Representatives. Eagerly

we waited word of what was said to Congress behind those closed doors; and when the doors were opened, we learned that the President had asked Congress to give him an authority which at the same time he declared he already had.

After briefly reviewing Germany's ruthless submarine warfare since the first of February and stating that the effect on our commerce was in apprehension rather than in fact, "because so many of our ships are timidly keeping at their home ports" (a statement resented by those who believe it is the duty of the Government to protect its citizens), the President pointed out that the situation was "fraught with the gravest possibilities and dangers," and that "it would be most imprudent to be unprepared." He therefore stated that, since the Sixty-fourth Congress was about to expire, he desired to obtain assurance of the authority which he might need at any moment to exercise. He at once added: "No doubt I already possess that authority without special warrant of law." But he preferred "not to act . . . upon general implication." Believing that the people were willing to trust him "to act with restraint, with prudence, and in the true spirit of amity and good faith that they have themselves displayed throughout these trying months," he requested that Congress authorize him to supply our merchant vessels with defensive arms and with the means for using them, and to grant him sufficient credit "to provide adequate means of protection where they are lacking." He concluded by stating that the rights for which he asked the power of defense were "those rights of humanity without which there is no civilization"—naming in particular "those great principles of compassion and of protection which mankind has sought to throw about human lives, the lives of non-combatants, the lives of men who are peacefully at work keeping the industrial processes of the world quick and vital, the lives of women and children and of those who supply the labor which ministers to their sustenance"—rights on which the structures of law, family, state, and mankind must rest.

Whatever the intent of the President was, the effect of his speech on members of Congress was as if he had specifically renounced leadership.

The country was waiting on Congress; Congress was waiting on the President; the President was waiting on Congress; and Congress was waiting on the country.

Meantime, the German Government has known exactly what it wants, and, as far as the United States is concerned, has been getting it. The afternoon newspapers that reported the President's speech printed the news of the sinking of the *Laconia*.

The situation is getting on the nerves of the Senate. Some of the phlegmatic Senators take it calmly. They sit like frogs in a troubled pool until the trouble comes their way, and then they paddle off to the cloak-room. But not so most of them. Occasionally they become acrimonious. Everything in the quiet, carpeted Senate Chamber seems to be going smoothly until something sharp is said, and then there is an interchange of verbal shots that sometimes violate the rules of parliamentary warfare. A doorkeeper of the Senate described the condition to me. I wish I could reproduce his Southern accent.

"I have been here for eight sessions," he said to me, "and I have never seen them as cross as they are now. They have been cross the whole session. There was something the matter with them when they came here befo' Christmas; but I said to myself, 'They'll feel better after they have been home for the holidays.' But when they came back they were just as cross as ever. They couldn't seem to get together, no, sir, and I said to myself, 'Their Christmas dinners disagreed with them. It'll wear off.' But no, they seem getting further apart instead of getting nearer together. Now they are talking about a special session. But I don't believe it. I think it's just the weather."

It's all dark and cloudy and gloomy now; but you just wait until Monday. The sun'll come out. It'll get nice and balmy, and then they'll feel better. They aren't going to have an extra session. No, sir. I just can't believe it. What do they want it for? Talking don't do any good. Listen to them in there now. They might just as well vote and go home. You know when a fellow has an idea, and you can talk and talk and talk till doomsday, and it don't change him. That's the way with me. I have an idea I don't want to stay here in Washington in the hot season—and I just don't believe there's going to be any extra session. No, sir."

In spite of the optimistic doorkeeper and the genial laughter with which he punctuated his remarks, I could see no signs of clearing weather in Congress. The signs were all for a special session.

There were several reasons for this. In the first place, the Democratic majority in both House and Senate seemed to have lost their grip on the business of Congress. Within less than a week of the close of the session the chief revenue bill and several appropriation bills necessary for the operations of the Government, as well as other important measures, were awaiting the final vote, and, indeed, awaiting further debate. In the second place, the caucus system as developed by the Democrats has occasioned delay. Every measure of importance is debated three times: first in committee; then in a meeting of the Democratic caucus behind closed doors; and, finally, on the floor of the House. For example, the Revenue Bill, which is to provide for taxes amounting to approximately two hundred and fifty million dollars, did not come before the Senate for general debate until the session was nearly two-thirds over. The Republicans naturally declined to feed docilely out of the hands of the Democratic majority, but insisted on scrutinizing this bill and subjecting it to debate. The measure contained, for instance, a proposition to lay on all corporations a tax of eight per cent on all profits above eight per cent. This is something more than a revenue measure. It is a plan to place on industries that are incorporated a burden not borne by industries unincorporated. The Republicans naturally say that this is something that ought not to be passed after a secret debate in a party caucus, but should be discussed publicly, in the open sessions of the Senate, so that the country may know about the merits or faults of the plan. So the Democrats are partly responsible for a situation that indicates a special session. The Republicans, too, are responsible.

As the membership of the next House of Representatives now stands, the Republicans have a chance of controlling it. Before next December death may alter the character of that membership, and the Republicans do not want to take any chances. So they are willing to take advantage of the situation and help it along. There is another reason—the unwillingness of the Republicans to leave the President alone with Germany. This is not mere pretense, as has been charged. Indeed, this unwillingness is shared by some members of the President's own party. This feeling arises from several causes. Some members of Congress are jealous of Congressional authority. Some, of a pacifist persuasion, are, it is reported, incredible though this may seem, afraid that the President will be rash. Some, impatient of the President's propensity for delay, want to be on hand to help end the period of inaction. And the President's request for further authority from Congress has reinforced the feelings of these groups. That he has asked for powers that are not defined has roused those who do not want their alleged legislative rights usurped. That he has sought authority to use armed force has increased the suspicion of the pacifists. And that he has sought a grant of power which he already possesses has confirmed the fears of those who are afraid that he will never act. These three groups cannot all be right, but they have all found their conflicting reasons for seeking a special session confirmed.

If, therefore, a special session is avoided, it will not be because but in spite of what has happened during the closing days of the Sixty-fourth Congress.

And what is disquieting to the American who is not a partisan but who is concerned over the present plight of his country is that the next Congress is not likely to be less confused.

The Republicans who now constitute the minority, but who

may be able to organize the majority of the next House, are at loggerheads. There is very little improvement—possibly none at all—over the situation when the Republicans voted in support of the McLemore resolution to allow Germany to keep Americans off the high seas. Though that proved to be a poor basis for a campaign of "America first and America efficient," there are no sure indications that the Republicans in the next House will show any better sense.

All this does not mean that the American Government is composed of men incapable of knowing their own minds. On the contrary, one has only to go to Washington and talk with members of Congress and men high in executive departments to realize that there are in positions of influence and authority, in both legislative and executive branches of the Government, men as clear-headed and patriotic as any in the country. Even the debates in Congress, which seem often futile, are an indication of the high intellectual and moral average of its personnel. From what I have heard of debates in the British House of Commons, I should not judge the rank and file of that body to be equal to the rank and file of Congress.

The difficulty in the present situation does not inhere, I think, in the character of the men, but in the prevailing theory of government. Everywhere, from pacifist and patriot, from men in legislative positions and men in executive authority, I heard this same theory of government either expressly avowed or implicitly accepted as prevalent. Even some of those most impatient with inaction, hesitation, vacillation, and delay said, frankly, in substance something like this: "We know what the country ought to do; we know where its obligations lie; we know our Government ought not to wait until some special American rights are so flagrantly outraged that the country in mere selfish desire for self-preservation must act; we know that Germany is running amuck in the world to-day, and is menacing civilization; we know that the United States has a duty in this matter, just as a citizen has a duty to help preserve the peace, even though his own immediate family is not suffering; but—" The reason that, after saying that, men in governmental positions can say "but" is due to the fact that during the past few years the theory has been gaining ground in Washington that those who are in authority must never act until they "hear from the country."

Now, Congressmen have only one way of "hearing from the country." Just now many of them are "hearing" a vigorous pro-German propaganda and a postal-card chorus of pacifism.

One set of postal cards has been coming to Congressmen with two questions printed on them, and after each question two blank columns in which the sender is supposed to have recorded his vote, Yes or No. The questions have been framed in such a way as to invite the expression of opinion that we ought not to fight to maintain American rights on the high seas, and that the country should not declare war without a referendum to the people. These postal cards were presumably distributed to those who would be inclined to answer as the framers wanted them to. One Representative in Congress had received when I saw him 126 of these postal cards. Of these barely more than half gave the expected answers, and forty-nine voted in favor of fighting for American rights and against a war referendum. With one or two exceptions, those who voted for pacifism were content with making their mark, but many of those who voted the other way could not refrain from expressing their indignation. Here are the two questions, with their accompanying notes and some of the comments:

Note: In modifying her war zone note Germany has offered safe passage for all American passenger ships which keep to a prescribed course and which our Government guarantees free from contraband.

1. Do you think that we should enter this war in order to uphold our legal right to go into the war zone regardless of these conditions?

"Unfairly put. Should accept no condition. The question of war remains with Germany. We should fight sooner than become her protected ally." "Germany has no right to limit our use of the high seas." "Not correct. One a week each way. Unfair. Question unfairly framed." "Yes, if the President deems it right." "I think that defending our rights is the best way to keep out of war."

Note: A National Advisory Referendum is not unconstitu-

tional and could be carried out by the Census Bureau, through the postmasters, in twenty-five days.

2. Do you think that the people should be consulted by referendum before Congress declares war—except in case of threatened invasion?

"No. The Constitution puts this responsibility on Congress, which should not shirk it." "As a general proposition, yes; but under the present circumstances, no." "Not when National honor is involved. NO." "What are our Representatives for?" "Congress was elected to decide that very question."

And two remarks on the general propaganda are worth quoting:

"Hoping you will support the President's firm stand and disregard this pacifist propaganda." "I resent this unpatriotic attempt to confuse the Congress, but I answer the questions. Please pay no attention to this folly."

Very few American citizens who believe in the stanch and courageous maintenance of American rights volunteer their advice to the President or to their representatives in Congress. It is only when the pro-Germans and the pacifists arouse their indignation by soliciting their support that Americans of this type (with few exceptions) let their opinions be known. It is hard for a Member of Congress or a Senator who receives letters and telegrams by the score every day to keep in mind the opinion of the silent majority. Some of these do, however, keep this in mind. One Representative, for instance (Mr. Platt, of New York), has introduced into Congress three bills which are verbatim the bills that were introduced and passed in 1798,

the only verbal changes being those which substitute Germany for France and omit references to such obsolete matters as privateers. It was under these bills that the United States naval forces captured or sank eighty-four armed French vessels and made the American flag respected on the ocean. Mr. Lenroot, of Wisconsin—a State which has a large proportion of Americans of German descent—has had the courage and the insight to disregard this propaganda, and as a consequence of his brave words is recognized throughout Congress as having attained a higher political stature than ever before. Men like Mr. Lenroot and Mr. Platt are, however, the exception. Most men in Congress want visible and tangible evidence of opinion.

There is one thing, therefore, that every American citizen who cares enough for his country and wants to see it at any cost keep its obligations and do its duty by its own citizens and by civilization can do. He can, and he ought to, write or telegraph to the President, to the Senators of his State, and to his Representative urging them to take every necessary step to raise this Nation out of its present position of apparent helplessness, to strengthen the Nation's forces that are needed if the Nation is to assert its authority, and to destroy those dangerous enemies of civilization that are trying to terrorize the world. The great majority of Americans believe in the principles of liberty in which this Nation was founded and for which thousands upon thousands of Americans have given up their lives. It is from such as these that Congress and the President ought to hear, and hear now.

ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT

THE LAST DAYS OF JESUS CHRIST

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

III—WITH HIS GOD IN THE GARDEN¹

THE Old Testament prophets had foretold a new social and political order of the world in which war would cease and the weapons of warfare would be turned into tools of peaceful industry, in which liberty would be established and the only sanction for law necessary would be the authority of God, in which property would be more equitably divided and every man would sit under his own vine and fig tree, in which there would be universal education and no man would need to teach his neighbor. The burden of Jesus' ministry was that this kingdom of God was at hand. He had come to inaugurate it, and his message was at first received by the common people with great enthusiasm.

But they received it with enthusiasm because they did not understand it. They expected emancipation from the Roman yoke; the establishment of a new and world-wide kingdom of which the Jewish nation would be the head; and that Jerusalem, not Rome, would be the mistress of the world. This dream of a Jewish empire was hopelessly wild and singularly visionary. Rome was a nation of soldiers. Her standing army numbered nearly half a million of men. The whole military force of Judaism proved no match for about thirty thousand of these men forty years later. Nor would the condition of the world have been improved by any such change of masters. Rome was a better queen than Jerusalem would have been; Pilate a better administrator than Caiaphas.

Yet Judaism might have conquered Rome. Rome, strong in military power, was weak in moral ideas. Her heart was feeble; only her muscles were strong. Her government was corrupt; bribery was universal and unconcealed. In the courts of justice gold was the plea of the wealthy, the passions of the populace were the defense of the poor. Chastity and temperance were the common subjects of satire. The drama was supplanted by gladiatorial combats, and feasting and revelry, continued through many days and nights, became banquets of death. Here, then, was Rome's weakest point, here Judaism's strong point. The religion of Rome provoked the derision of the wise

by presenting for their adoration a host of sensual gods and goddesses; the religion of the Jews demanded reverence for one supreme and spiritual Jehovah. The Roman religion deduced the will of the gods from the chance flight of birds or the study of the entrails of the sacrificial victim; the Jewish religion pointed to the sublime enactments of Mount Sinai, the plain precepts of the prophets, and the moral maxims of the Book of Proverbs. Rome, regarding religion as a political instrument, left it to be regulated for the nation by the senate; Judaism regarding it as an individual life, forbade any one from interfering between the soul and its God.

But if this conquest of Rome was to be achieved by the Jewish people they must first win a conquest over themselves. They must revive the spiritual faith of their fathers, proclaimed, manifested, and illustrated by their prophets, and sweep away the mass of ecclesiastical and theological rubbish beneath which that faith was buried.

At first the message of Jesus was accepted with enthusiasm. His grace of diction, his pictorial imagination, his sympathetic understanding of the common people, his spiritual enthusiasm, the contrast of his vivid teaching of practical truth with the dry-as-dust theologies of the scribes, his practice in acts of mercy and charity of the truths he taught, drew the people to him. Great crowds thronged to hear him wherever he went. His journeys through Galilee were like triumphal processions.

But this was because the people did not, would not, perhaps could not, comprehend his message. In vain he told them with many a parable that the kingdom of God would not immediately appear; that it would grow up gradually, secretly, in spite of hostility; that it would not be given to a waiting Israel by God, but won by an eager Israel at a great cost. Prejudices the growth of generations, cannot be dissipated by a single teacher in a single lifetime, however powerful his teaching. The popular misapprehension in that age is not strange, since even now scholars insist in attributing to Jesus the very errors which he so vigorously combated. When he refused the proffered crown and told the thronging hearers plainly that they could win only by self-sacrifice the kingdom which they had hoped

¹This is the third of a series of seven articles to be continued throughout the Lenten season.

o receive as an inheritance without effort, they abandoned him. So universal even in Galilee was the disaffection that he turned sadly to his own chosen friends with the pathetic inquiry, "Will ye also go away?"

And now that the end was drawing near it needed no supernatural vision to foresee what that end must be. The brief enthusiasm with which Jesus had been welcomed on entering Jerusalem did not deceive him. Probably that enthusiasm was effectually dissipated by his Temple teaching that the kingdom would be taken from Israel and given to the Gentile world. At least no indication of its continuing existence is furnished by the Gospel accounts of Christ's last week in Jerusalem. The plans for his arrest, trial, and conviction had been made. The traitor who was to betray his place of retirement had been purchased. Jesus had but one alternative: either to flee into the wilderness, abandon his mission and wait for some other one to succeed where he had failed, or to go forward in a hope against hope that by his martyrdom he might accomplish what by his life and teaching he had not been able to accomplish, the beginning of the conversion of the world from pagan to divine ideals of life.

One of the prophets had forecast his purpose by putting in his mouth the saying, "Lo, I come to do thy will, O God." That prophecy Jesus had fulfilled. His will had been one with his Father's will. His life desire was to know that will and do it. "I seek," he told his disciples, "not mine own will, but the will of him that sent me." He believed that God had a plan that gave meaning and purpose to all history, and to carry out that plan was his one all-controlling desire. "He believed that he and his followers were called on to build roadways over which the hosts of God would march in victory. He believed that he was the representative of the eternal purpose of God, the only thing in life worth living and dying for, and his enthusiastic loyalty is his dominant quality from the time he came into Galilee crying, 'The kingdom of God is at hand,' until he died for his Cause on Calvary."¹

And now the question pressed upon him, as it presses at times on all God's children, Had he misunderstood his Father's will? Was the supreme desire of his life to be disappointed? Was the Father to be disappointed in his child? It was not the fear of the morrow's anguish, the shame and spitting, the cruel flagellations and the crown of thorns, the shouting of the mob eager for his death and the death upon the cross to follow, that made the anguish of Gethsemane. Many a soldier on French soil during the last two years has faced without hesitation physical pains far more prolonged than Jesus had to bear. The insupportable anguish of that hour was the question, Had he misunderstood his Father's will? And if he had correctly understood it, would he have the strength to fulfill it?

The Hebrew psalmist centuries before had prayed, "Show me thy paths, O Lord." This had been the burden of Jesus' prayer. His will had been so to present the kingdom of God that the people would accept it, a hope which he had expressed in a characteristically homely figure: "How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings!" But they would not. And now? Now he faced not merely dishonor and death to himself; he faced the despair of his disciples, the wreckage of their hopes, the heartbroken mother, the taunts and triumphs of his foes, Israel's foes, God's foes. Could this be what his Father willed? Could triumph for God's kingdom come out of the defeat of his Christ? And if the endurance of that defeat for himself and his friends and his disciples and his mother—if that was his Father's will, would he have the strength to fulfill that will? "Not what I will, but what thou wilt," was not a prayer of submissive resignation. It was a prayer of eager consecration, not a prayer that his Father would fulfill his son's will, but that the son might be clear of vision to see and strong of purpose to fulfill his Father's will.

It sometimes helps us to understand the experience of Jesus if we read it in the light of a like experience of one of his followers—perhaps an unacknowledged and unconscious follower.

In 1864 Mrs. Gurney, an English Friend, wrote a letter to Abraham Lincoln which, as far as I know, has not been pre-

served; it elicited from him a letter from which I make the following extract:

We hoped for a happy termination of this terrible war long before this; but God knows best, and has ruled otherwise. We shall yet acknowledge his wisdom and our own error therein. Meanwhile we must work earnestly in the best lights he gives us, trusting that so working still conduces to the great ends he ordains. Surely he intends some great good to follow this mighty convulsion, which no mortal could make and no mortal could stay.

Six months later, in his inaugural address, he repeated the same truth in words which history will never forget:

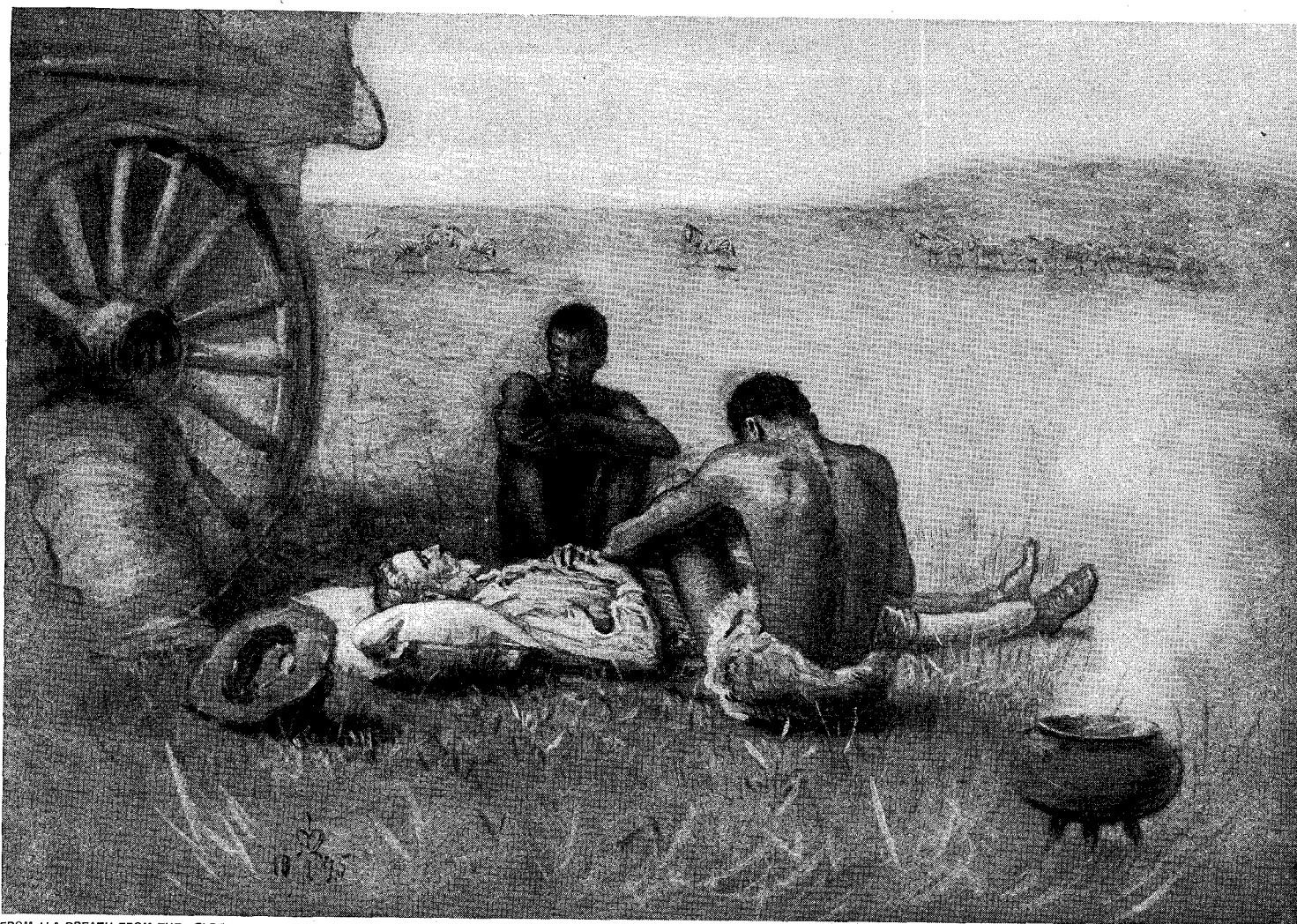
Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

What perplexities clouded Abraham Lincoln's mind, what insistent doubts whether he was doing the will of God assailed him with the argument that many good men and true believed the war for which he was so largely responsible was not God's will? We do not know. He wrote no journal, left no autobiography, and rarely, if ever, disclosed to others the secret struggles of his own heart. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick characterizes prayer as "dominant desire." All dominant desire may not be prayer, but nothing is prayer which is not dominant desire. And we may be sure that this dominant desire for the preservation of his country and the emancipation of the slave could not have sustained Abraham Lincoln through those four years of burden-bearing if the dominant desire had not also been a prayer—a prayer that he might understand the will of God and that he might have strength and courage to fulfill it.

Every earnest soul who has reached the age of Jesus has had occasion to pass through his own Gethsemane. Not with many is it any such Gethsemane as Abraham Lincoln's; perhaps not with any such a Gethsemane as that of Jesus. Yet who, when in his pilgrimage he has come to the Valley of the Shadow of Death, has not questioned with himself whether he has not missed his way, whether he has not misunderstood the will of God, whether, if he has understood it aright, he has the courage to go through the Valley to the unseen, unknown, and, to him, uncertain life which lies beyond? In such an hour what we need is not resignation, not submission to the will of one too strong to be resisted, but consecration, the absolute, unreserved dedication of one's self to the service of one whose love is richer, wiser, and stronger than one's own; not the prayer, Save me from the Valley of the Shadow of Death; but the prayer, Grant me the rod and the staff which will enable me to go through the Valley of the Shadow of Death and fear no evil; never the prayer, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me," except as it is accompanied by the prayer, "Not what I will, but what thou wilt."

Christ's prayer was not unanswered. Nor was it denied. An angel, it is said, appeared to him from heaven strengthening him. Did this angel come as art has customarily represented him, robed and winged? Or did he come unseen, unheard, bringing his message to the heart of the petitioner? We do not know. We only know how he comes to us; and we may reasonably and reverently surmise that as he comes to us he came to Jesus. What the answer was that he brought the events which follow make clear. An ancient artist, Gaudenzio Ferrari, truly expresses it in a painting in which the angel presents to the kneeling Christ a cup with a miniature cross surmounting it. By the angel's message Christ's question was answered, his doubts were dissolved, his perplexities were ended. His Father's will was made clear to him, and with the clearness of vision came the strength to fulfill that will. In all the tragedy of the hours which followed, in the court of Caiaphas, in the judgment hall of Pilate, in the march to death, in the slow agony of the crucifixion, before the howling mob, the taunting priests, the broken-hearted disciples, Jesus was the one calm, unexcited, unperturbed figure, dwelling in divine peace in the midst of the human tempest, sustained by the assurance that he had seen clearly and would be able to accomplish completely the work which the Father had given him to do.

¹ "The Manhood of the Master," by Harry Emerson Fosdick, p. 56.



FROM "A BREATH FROM THE VELDT"

"THE LAST TREK," BY SIR JOHN E. MILLAIS

FREDERICK COURTENAY SELOUS

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

LAST December, just before reaching the age of sixty-five years, Selous, the great hunter-naturalist and explorer, was killed in action against the Germans in East Africa. In the brief press despatches it is stated that he was shot and mortally wounded, but continued to urge forward his men until he was hit a second time and killed. It was a fit and gallant end to a gallant and useful life. In John Guille Millais's delightful "Breath from the Veldt" the frontispiece, by Sir John E. Millais, shows the "Last Trek" of a hunter, dying beside his wagon in the wilderness. The hunter in this picture (reproduced above) is drawn from Selous. Many of us used to think that it was the death he ought to die. But the death he actually met was better still.

Selous was born on the last day of the year 1851. Before he was twenty years old he went to South Africa, and a year or two later he embarked on the career of a professional elephant hunter; a career incredibly wearing and exhausting, in which mortal risk was a daily incident. For a quarter of a century he was a leading figure among the hard-bit men who pushed ever northward the frontier of civilization. His life was one of hazard, hardship, and daring adventure, and was as full of romantic interest and excitement as that of a viking of the tenth century. He hunted the lion and the elephant, the buffalo and the rhinoceros. He knew the extremes of fatigue in following the heavy game, and of thirst when lost in the desert wilderness. He was racked by fever. Strange and evil accidents befell him. He faced death habitually from hostile savages and from the grim quarry he hunted; again and again he escaped by a hair's breadth, thanks only to his cool head and steady hand. Far and wide he wandered through unknown lands, on foot or on horseback, his rifle never out of his grasp,

only his black followers bearing him company. Sometimes his outfit was carried in a huge white-topped wagon drawn by sixteen oxen, while he rode in advance on a tough, shabby horse; sometimes he walked at the head of a line of savage burden-bearers. He camped under the stars, in the vast wastes, with the ominous cries of questing beasts rising from the darkness round about. It was a wild and dangerous life, and could have been led only by a man with a heart of steel and a frame of iron.

There were other men, Dutch and English, who led the same hard life of peril and adventure. Selous was their match in daring and endurance. But, in addition, he was a highly intelligent civilized man, with phenomenal powers of observation and of narration. There is no more foolish cant than to praise the man of action on the ground that he will not or cannot tell of his feats. Of course loquacious boastfulness renders any human being an intolerable nuisance. But, except among the very foremost (and sometimes among these also, as witness innumerable men from Cæsar to Marco Polo and Livingstone) the men of action who can tell truthfully, and with power and charm, what they have seen and done add infinitely more to the sum of worthy achievement than do the inarticulate ones, whose deeds are often of value only to themselves. Selous when only thirty published his "Hunter's Wanderings in Africa," than which no better book of the kind has ever been written. It at once put him in the first rank of the men who can both do things worth doing and write of them books worth reading. He had the gift of seeing with extraordinary truthfulness, so that his first-hand observations—as in the case of the "species" of black rhinoceros—are of prime scientific value. He also had the gift of relating in vivid detail his adventures; in speaking he was even

better than in writing, for he entered with voice and gesture so thoroughly into the part that he became alternately the hunter and the lion or buffalo with which he battled.

Elephant hunting in South Africa as a profitable profession became a thing of the past. But Selous worked for various museums as a field collector of the great game; and as the pioneers began to strive northward, he broke the trail for them into Mashonaland, doing the work of the roadmaker, the bridge-builder, the leader of men through the untrodden wilderness; and he continued his hunting and exploration. His next book, "Travel and Adventure in Southeast Africa," was as good as his first. He now stood at the zenith of his fame as the foremost of all hunter naturalists.

Soon after this he left South Africa and returned to live in England. But he was not really in place as a permanent dweller in civilization. He longed overmuch for the lonely wilderness. At home he delivered lectures, rode to hounds, studied birds, and lived in a beautiful part of Sussex. Whenever he got the chance he again took up the life of a roaming hunter. He made trip after trip to Asia Minor, to East Africa, to Newfoundland and the Rockies, to the White Nile. He wrote various books about these trips. One, "African Nature Notes," is of first-class importance, being his most considerable contribution to field science—a branch of scientific work to the importance of which, in contradistinction to purely closet science, we are only just beginning to awake.

The eighteen or twenty years he passed in this manner would of themselves have made a varied and satisfactory career for any ordinary man. But he was not wholly satisfied with them, because he compared them with the life of his greater fame and service in the vanguard of the South African movement. Speaking of the fact that his "Nature Notes" sold only fairly well, he remarked one day, "You see, all the young men think I am dead—at any rate, they think I ought to be dead!" He read much, but only along certain lines. I was much interested, on one occasion, to find him fairly enthralled by the ballad of "Twa Corbies." He himself possessed all the best characteristics of simplicity, directness, and strength which marked the old ballads and ballad heroes.

Then the great war came, and for months he ate his heart out while trying in vain to get to the front. The English did far better than we would have done. But they blundered in various ways—Ireland offers the most melancholy example. The cast-iron quality of the official mind was shown by the

rigid application of certain rules which in time of stress become damaging unless made flexible. The War Office at first refused to use Selous—just as they kept another big-game hunter, Stigand, up the White Nile doing work that many an elderly sportsman could have done, instead of utilizing him in the East African fighting. Selous was as hardy as an old wolf; and, for all his gentleness, as formidable to his foes. He was much stronger and more enduring than the average man of half his age. But with a wooden dullness which reminded me of some of the antics of our own political bureaucracy, the War Office refused him permission to fight and sent him out to East Africa in the transport service—his letters on some of the things that occurred in East Africa were illuminating. However, he speedily pushed his way into the fighting line, and fought so well that the home authorities grudgingly accepted the accomplished fact, and made him a lieutenant. He won his captaincy and the Distinguished Service Order before he died.

It was my good fortune to know Selous fairly well. He spent several days with me at the White House; he got me most of my outfit for my African hunt. He went to Africa on the same boat, and I came across him out there on two or three occasions. I also saw him in his attractive Sussex home, where he had a special building for his extraordinary collection of game trophies. He was exactly what the man of the open, the outdoors man of adventurous life, who is also a cultivated man, should be. He was very quiet and considerate, and without the smallest touch of the braggart or brawler; but he was utterly fearless and self-reliant and able to grapple with any emergency or danger. All men of the open took to him at once; with the Boers he was on terms of close friendship. Indeed, I think that any man of the right type would have found him sympathetic. His keenness of observation made him a delightful companion. He never drank spirits; indeed, his favorite beverage at all times was tea.

It is well for any country to produce men of such a type; and if there are enough of them the nation need fear no decadence. He led a singularly adventurous and fascinating life, with just the right alternations between the wilderness and civilization. He helped spread the borders of his people's land. He added much to the sum of human knowledge and interest. He closed his life exactly as such a life ought to be closed, by dying in battle for his country while rendering her valiant and effective service. Who could wish a better life, or a better death, or desire to leave a more honorable heritage to his family and his nation?

THE THEATER AND EDUCATION

BY ELEANOR ROBSON (MRS. AUGUST BELMONT)

"ONCE upon a time," when I played Juliet with an all star cast, the smallest parts were played by men who had once been Romeos and Mercutios of a previous generation or two. I was appalled by their references to traditional business and traditional readings; so, with the intolerance of youth, I wrote an article entitled "Hang up Tradition." To-day I know there can be no deep or lasting art without the background of tradition. And how can we uphold the traditions of our classical and literary drama without a municipal theater?

The modern tendency to disregard tradition is nowhere more evident than in the theater. The younger generation of players know little or nothing of how to read blank verse. With Shakespearean parts, they either lose the meaning while struggling with the monotonous tone by which they feel verse should be interpreted, or by excessive modern naturalness absolutely overlook the cadence of the verse. To reach any art in the theater a standard is necessary, and there can be no standard without the classics as a background and comparison.

The big cities of most of the European countries of importance have their municipal theaters and continuously supply their citizens with artistic drama at the lowest possible cost.

Our States spend millions on libraries, music, picture galleries, educating the public in various ways whether it likes it or not—for appreciation of education is apt to follow the feast

itself. Meanwhile they utterly neglect one of the most vitally important means of education. However, as the people in this country usually get what they want when they want it, I presume that when the demand is sufficiently urgent for a municipal theater we shall have one. Meanwhile we must uplift, not the stage, but the taste of the public, because, as Garrick said in his speech on the opening night of the Theater Royal in 1747:

"The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,
For we that live to please must please to live."

The blame for any deficiency on the part of our theater is placed on the actor, author, or manager, while the fact is forgotten that to have great poets we must have great audiences.

The drama as a profession is undergoing a critical test at the present moment; the moving pictures have captured a vast proportion of the theater-going public, and the result will be as if the philosophic law "survival of the fittest" had been applied to the stage world. But I feel very decidedly that what for the time being seems cruel to the drama as a profession may be the salvation of the drama as an art. It will eliminate those followers who have joined it simply because they "couldn't think of anything else to do," or because admiring friends were sure they had "talent."

Some years ago I went to a performance of "Julius Caesar"

given by a group of East Side settlement children. Caesar's wife was certainly above suspicion of any histrionic ability! Her accent and gestures reminded me more of a "mama-papa" doll out of order than anything human; but Rosy had friends in front, and one admiring girl chum who talked, chewed gum, and applauded vigorously and indiscriminately throughout the performance, said, "My heavens! catch me sittin' in a telephone office if I had Rosy's talent! I'd go on the stage."

The treasurer of a moving-picture concern published a statement saying that fifteen million people a day attend moving-picture theaters, and one-fifth of their patrons are children. The general trend of our pleasure-seekers is toward the dance-halls, cheap theaters, and moving pictures. The posters of these last named are lurid enough to be the foundation of a new school of art. I have selected a few titles of recent attractions which are fairly typical: "Mike's Brain Storm," "The Matrimonial Deluge," "Drink's Lure," "Willy Wants to Cure His Father," "Training Their Parents," "The Fringe of Sin."

Just how far the moving pictures will supplant what is called legitimate drama is difficult to prophesy; but I cannot for a moment believe that they will endanger the real life of the theater. Moving pictures may be of immense educational value; they even produce a deep emotional effect; but it is doubtful if they can supplant the human equation or provide a substitute for the god Personality. I cannot believe a shadow on a screen will ever be as dear to our hearts as Ada Rehan, Forbes-Robertson, Duse, or dear Ellen Terry. There are, of course, notable exceptions; but our stage has been surfeited with inferior performances of inferior plays, supplying the general demand of the public for entertainment. Now at the movies they can secure better entertainment for less expenditure, and with the collapse of the present scheme of things I hope and believe that there will rise from the ashes a genuine and lasting art of the theater in this country.

"Worth-while" plays do not necessarily mean the brand stamped "highbrow," but, rather, plays with originality of conception and some literary merit, "good sentences well pronounced," not a warmed-over mixture of last year's successes founded on the same plot and same title, like so many suits for the season cut to the measurement of size 38 or 40! It may serve in Government, but it is crippling to any art to apply to it the law of majority rule, and a commercially conducted drama must do this consciously or unconsciously. The drama has always played an important part in education; in the first period of its existence it was entirely educational. The main stream of the early Christian drama had its source in the liturgy of the Church.

The dramatic instinct is in all of us, and I believe that we have not yet discovered its full usefulness as a means of self-improvement. We hear that there is no school like the school of experience—well, the playing of parts can be experience in living. Without investigation, no one realizes how numerous are the amateur dramatic clubs all over the country; they have even penetrated into our shops.

Especially in the public schools is the value of dramatics being developed. Many of our children speak little or no English in their homes; when they do, it is not, strictly speaking, English, and the teachers find the best way to make them watch their pronunciation is to "speak a piece."

The mere putting on of a play for young people may be a complete waste of time, whereas, if they at the same time learn to speak well, to think, if they discover a broader horizon for their ideals and a better understanding of their own responsibility and relation to their fellow-men, drama has indeed found a useful place in education.

When I was about fifteen, an old family friend of whom I stood in awe asked me when I should graduate from my convent school. I replied that I expected to finish my education in another year. He smilingly said: "Finish, indeed! Education only begins when you leave school." I should have been somewhat discouraged had I believed this. As it was, I felt tolerant, because it seemed to me he couldn't know how much I knew.

Four years ago I helped to found the Educational Dramatic League, which had for its purpose the raising of the standard of amateur dramatics, the promotion of its value to the community, and, by example, advice, and active assistance to help those who spend time, money, and energy in producing plays in schools,

churches, settlements—anywhere, in fact. We have a club membership of two hundred and seventy-five; we reached in New York City last year alone over six thousand players. We have ourselves given some twenty-five performances of fourteen plays, and have actively assisted in approximately one hundred and seventy performances given by the school and settlement clubs. Among the plays produced have been "Nathan Hale," "Twelfth Night," Browning's "Pied Piper," and Tagore's "Post-Office."

In addition to this we have two clubs of blind children and one for the deaf and dumb. But the great problem has been to find *teachers*. Lately we have established a teachers' training department, and we feel that we are better equipped than ever before to render first aid to dramatics.

We have a library and a play-reading committee which selects and catalogues plays for the use of our members. Hundreds of plays are read, and almost as many rejected. It is bewildering to see the mass of maudlin sentimentality, senseless, stupid twaddle, under the heading "plays for amateurs."

To produce a play educationally means that the preparation, not the production, is the important factor. No player should be taught a reading or a gesture, but both should develop according to the player's mental activity and understanding; each part becomes a creation, not an imitation; the whole must be a spontaneous expression on the part of the child. The children learn to breathe well, praise be! their manners are improved, and, above all, their speech; some even take special courses in English in order to speak correctly in their parts.

This work appeals to me strongly because of the assistance it offers to boys and girls, especially those just out of school, thousands of whom are forced to take up immediately the practical, money-getting side of life. It is this gigantic mass of young wage-earners who form the bulwark of our country; whose breadth of understanding, taste, and ideals very largely will govern our affairs, and to whom we must look for the support of our arts as well as our industries.

To a vast number entertainment that must be paid for is prohibitive; as more and more eight hours becomes the established working day, the problem of providing helpful recreation for our citizens grows.

As Jane Addams says, "We can't prevent people from amusing themselves badly unless we show them a better way." Miss Addams tells of a poor little Italian girl in Hull House neighborhood who battered her head against the wall so long and vigorously that she had to be taken to a hospital because of her injuries. As nearly as dull grown-ups could understand, it had been a hysterical revolt against "factory work all day and no fun in the evening." Can't we utilize this desire for self-expression by turning it into a means of healthy, perhaps artistic, development, helpful alike to the individual and the community? In most of us there burns—dimly, perhaps, but burns—the desire to be heroic. Catch such youths before they leave school or just after becoming wage-earners, steady their ideas, appeal to their imagination, let them play at being the finest heroes and heroines the world's history and literature have produced. Nothing is too good for the amateur to attempt.

The first step towards the drama is the assumption of character, and I believe firmly that this study, assumption, and understanding of heroic characters is bound to leave an impression on the mind of the player. The human body is a most perfect machine, expressing, as a general rule, subconscious impressions acquired through experience or responding automatically to the dictates of emotions. We are all, more or less, unconscious mimics affected by environment, and much of what we know has been acquired by absorption.

It is not the memorizing of bare facts—facts to be repeated parrot-like—that constitutes education; education means more than a percentage of knowledge of the three R's. Training the young to think and equipping them to think is the best foundation towards equipping them to live. To-day an average education is essential in almost every business or walk of life, and every additional grain of knowledge has its commercial return. The pre-eminent call of the time is for more and more education, yet I cannot help feeling that one of the principal reasons for the much-discussed "unrest" among all classes is undigested education. But that's another story.

In this land of multitudinous nationalities and languages,

where, statistics say, almost twenty per cent of our ninety million inhabitants are not American-born, where each year in normal times we admit on an average one million immigrants, eighty per cent of whom come to the port of New York, we are in dire need of some interesting and speedy way to establish an understanding of our history, our ideals, our patriotism, our language even. When we say patriotism, we are apt unconsciously to overlook the fact that patriotism does not necessarily mean to fight and die well, but to work and live well for one's country. With this need, why should we waste valuable time? New York is the most wonderful State in our Union—generous to a degree. Generally speaking, I am proud, enthusiastically proud, of our Empire State, but at moments—let us confess the truth—she is short-sighted and does at times muddle her values. Why could we not have in New York an educational theater dedicated to our history, literature, our spoken word—an educational theater devoted to the youth of our State and under the wing of the State University?

There is a strong new movement in the theater to-day which includes new lighting and scenic effects. I am happy to say the pendulum has swung back from the extremely realistic, and the new method stirs and calls upon the imagination of the public. The human eye is limited, but the imagination is boundless, and worlds are ours for the seeking.

Shakespeare realized the important part the imaginative faculty of the audience must play to round out the perfect illu-

sion of a performance. In "King Henry the Fifth" the Chorus, acting as a prologue to the play, says:

"And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confined two mighty monarchies,
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder:
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance;
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth;
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
Carry them here and there; jumping o'er times,
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass; for the which supply,
Admit me Chorus to this history;
Who prologue-like your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play."

The Irish poet Yeats says, "Adam had but to imagine a bird and it straightway sprang into life; he created all things out of himself by an unflagging fancy."

We are told "necessity is the mother of invention;" this must be a case of mistaken identity. To me necessity is more like a stern father with rod in hand. I believe imagination to be the mother of invention.

CHILDREN OF ABRAHAM

BY AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

"And think not to say within yourselves, We have Abraham to our Father; for I say unto you, that God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham."

Out of a land of comfort and of ease,
Holding for conscience' sake the world well lost,
Our dauntless fathers dared the winter seas,
The savage arrow, and the hungry frost,
Knowing the danger, counting well the cost.
The legend of their courage we recall—
We thrill with pride to know that in our veins
The glow of that heroic blood remains.
We thrill—and that is all.

We pile our heroes' cairns, each year a stone;
It is our joy the starry flag to wave
For those who died for freedom of our own
And those who died for freedom of the slave.
Laying our laurel on each patriot's grave,
Proudly we tell of liberty's great price
And echo with a glibness undismayed
Words bled from the deep hearts of those who paid.
Shall not their blood suffice?

We who have grown so perfect in the word,
Where is the holy lightning of the deed?
We of the facile heart so quickly stirred
And soothed with dreams ere it has time to bleed,
Vainly we call ourselves the Pilgrim seed—
Where is the Pilgrim soul that braved the sea
For a pure conscience? God awake the men
Of power to make America again
A country of the free!

Let there be a seal upon our speech.
Forbear a while our mighty dead to name.
Clasp we instead the hands their spirits reach
To draw us through the saving fires of shame,
Until our noblest heritage we claim—
Our children's right to say, when we have died,
"How just they were! how generous! how brave!"
The cross of Christ shall scarce avail to save
A heart uncrucified.

A CHINESE DOCTOR¹

BY JEAN CARTER COCHRAN

"Do not take off your shoes until you come to the river brink." So runs the pithy Chinese proverb, from which the wayfaring man, though a foreigner, may easily gather that bridges are scarce in some parts of the Flowery Kingdom.

Dong Sien Sung, with his face turned towards home and the setting sun, was too engrossed in other thoughts to dwell on proverbs, although he and his trusty steed had forded many streams that day. Can you see them as they threaded their way carefully along the narrow paths, so full of stones and pitfalls? To stumble might mean a header into the unpleasantly wet field that bordered the way, and if the donkey had fallen there would have been damage done to the bedding—in China it is not only fashionable but necessary to carry one's bedding when one takes more than a day's journey. Do not be deceived into believing that Dong Sien Sung looked in any way ridiculous as he rode aloft on top of his roll of bedding, for it is a fact that a Chinese gentleman never loses his dignity.

Fortunately for Dong Sien Sung, his donkey now knew every stone in the road and every mud-hole that was more than a week old, so the man could give himself up to his meditations. Mechanically he answered the polite inquiries from late workers in the fields—such obvious questions as, "You are traveling today?" or "You are in the country this afternoon?" and he replied, "Yes, and you are bringing in the last of the harvest?" The city folk and the country folk both have their code of courtesy.

But what was troubling Dong Sien Sung? For he had forgotten altogether the wise advice of the sages and had already taken off his shoes and was struggling almost over his depth in the midstream of his dilemma. The keynote to his difficulty lay in the words that had rung through his ears all day almost like a refrain, "A thousand taels a year, a thousand taels a year." That sum meant to Dong Sien Sung comparative wealth and a tripling of his present salary—no cause for worry, certainly. On his recent visit to the busy port of Chingkiang he had met an old friend who had inquired politely how he was and what his prospects were. He had answered that he was well and enjoying his work, and his only regret was that he was not earning enough to support his family as he would like.

His friend exclaimed: "It is a favorable hour when I met you. I have been looking for a foreign-trained doctor like yourself to settle with me in the interior. I have a chance to start in business there, but I do not want to take my children where there are only practitioners after the Chinese methods; we have learned too much for that. I can promise you at least a thousand taels a year, for the inhabitants are very progressive and eager for a man who can use the foreign medicine."

Dong Sien Sung shook his head. "To stay with Sing Sien Sung, who needs me, would be 'following the way,'" he responded, for he was well versed in the classics.

His friend, however, refused to take no for an answer, and said he would leave the offer open for a few weeks until Dong Sien Sung had thought the matter over.

Now the trouble with Dong Sien Sung was that he had a conscience, and, moreover, it was a very well trained Christian one. On the face of it, the offer was most alluring and one that few progressive young men could resist; but there was another side to the question. Without doubt he owed everything to the foreigners, and as he rode his thoughts went back to his childhood and its pitiful struggle with poverty while the shadow of starvation always fell across the path. Then a missionary

had come and put him and his brother into school, for he had seen dim possibilities under the rags. Dong Sien Sung had been unruly and unappreciative, the teachers had often been unable to understand his view-point, and some of the foreigners' ways seemed mad to him; underneath it all, however, he had been dimly conscious of a great love and a desire to benefit him, and that had at last won the day. He had got as good a medical education as the missionary college could give, hampered as it was by the Chinese restrictions against dissection and the study of anatomy, and when a new station was opened to the north under a skillful foreign surgeon he had gone too as assistant and student. Under the care of his new teacher he had grown from a raw, awkward, often moody young man to be a very skillful assistant who gave ether and handled instruments like an expert. Dong Sien Sung in his thoughts was too modest to claim all this for himself, but he knew that in many ways he was indispensable to the whole station.

The foreigners came to him in questions of Chinese etiquette or when the mission had a chance to buy a bit of land, and he saw that they were not cheated. In the last six months Sing Sien Sung, the foreign surgeon, had left him more and more in charge of the primitive hospital, and he enjoyed the sense of responsibility, while the foreign doctor was thus enabled to do some original work in studying Oriental diseases. Dong Sien Sung knew that mission stations were poor and that they could hardly afford to pay their helpers a living wage; his salary could not be raised without raising that of all the other workers, and yet there was a sense of soreness that his income was so far below what he might earn in other places.

So his river was a very deep and a very muddy one and the bank of decision seemed a long way off. By this time they were going through the narrow street of the village of the Arrogant Dragon. The name was the only pretentious thing about the hamlet, for the half-tumbled-down mud houses with their thatched roofs looked far from arrogant; perhaps the dragon in a fit of rage had nibbled pieces out of the walls and pulled the straw from the roofs and then had retired in high dudgeon to the ruined temple which was his abode.

At that minute the traveler passed a water coolie with his two buckets swung on a pole over his shoulder. "If it had not been for the foreigners I might be doing that," thought Dong Sien Sung. "I am not so badly off, after all."

Unfortunately for such worthy thoughts, he had now left the village, and across two fields on another narrow path the young doctor caught sight of a little procession. Some military official and his retinue were traveling in state. "Rather a scratch lot," an English soldier would have called them, but to Dong Sien Sung they typified much that he admired. The official rode on horseback on a gayly caparisoned animal, and in front and behind ragged soldiers marched with large red characters printed on their uniforms and bearing paper parasols or flying pennants. The officer rode in dignity, with a fan held up to his eyes to keep from them the rays of the setting sun. Firearms seemed to be generally lacking, but as long as they had fans and parasols what need had they of muskets?¹

Dong Sien Sung did not care much for the military glory—that part of the procession had no attractions for a man of education—but it was the sight of the official button and the many-colored peacock's feather that wrought the mischief. What would he not give to have one of his sons attain that honor, dear to every right-thinking Chinese heart? Surely it was a legitimate ambition, for China sorely needed Christian statesmen. In the end, therefore, it was a very small thing that decided Dong Sien Sung—a glass button brought him to the firm ground of his resolve and he battled no longer with the current.

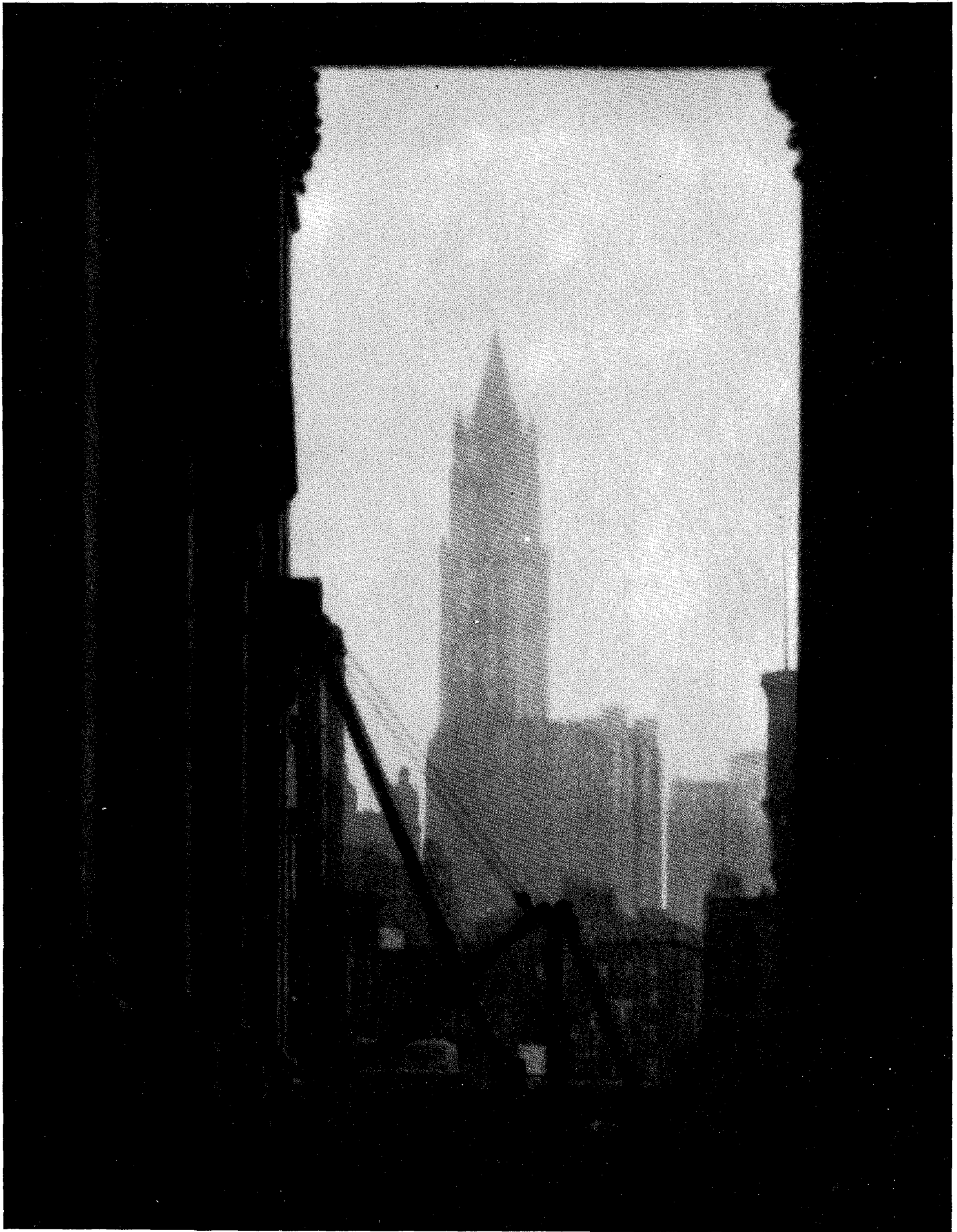
Having at length made up his mind, Dong Sien Sung took more note of his surroundings, and found that they had come nearly to the end of their journey and were about to descend the banks of a veritable river; he knew that he must be now more alert, for this river had a ferry, and if there was anything his

¹ This sketch of Dong Sien Sung, a young Chinese physician, will perhaps require a few words of explanation. Dong was the man's family name, and Sien Sung a title of respect given to a gentleman, as we use the English Mr.; it is also used to designate a doctor. The missionaries are accustomed to choose Chinese names as less startling and strange to the people they have come to teach, and in this narrative the foreigner has selected the very common Chinese name of Sing. In adopting a new name one must be particular to appropriate one with an auspicious meaning.

Although founded on fact, this story had to be changed in many details. It is only fair to say that the man's devotion to his friend, his disinterestedness, and his guarding of the foreigner's property are all true. There were many such deeds of heroism during the Boxer trouble and the revolution, and the well-wishers of China hope that with such material to build on a great future is in store for the new Republic.

¹ This was in the days before the revolution; Chinese soldiers are much more military now.

CURRENT EVENTS ILLUSTRATED



PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR D. CHAPMAN

"A CATHEDRAL OF COMMERCE" IN NEW YORK CITY AS SEEN FROM ST. JOHN'S CHAPEL

Many of New York City's business buildings have their pleasing aspects, and its churches not infrequently possess peculiar qualities of grace and attractiveness; a rare view that combines elements of charm in both kinds of architecture is presented above in a picture of the Woolworth Building on Broadway as seen from St. John's Chapel on Varick Street. The perennial upheaval of the city streets appears in the foreground in the construction work on one of the new subways



PHOTOGRAPH BY A. C. DUFF

THE AGITATION AGAINST HIGH PRICES IN NEW YORK CITY

The universal discontent with the high cost of living has found expression in several American cities—notably in an appeal of a throng of women from the East Side of New York City to Mayor Mitchel for relief. The women seen in the photograph besieged the City Hall recently in an attempt to state their grievances to the Mayor



PHOTOGRAPH FROM PAUL THOMPSON

THE LATE GENERAL FUNSTON

Frederick Funston was born at New Carlisle, Ohio, in 1865; grew up on a farm in Kansas; became a special agent of the Department of Agriculture in 1890 and accompanied expeditions to Alaska and the British Northwest; served in the Cuban insurgent army under Gomez, and the American army in Spanish-American War; captured Aguinaldo in the Philippines in 1901; commander of expedition to Vera Cruz in 1914, and of U. S. troops on Mexican border, 1916. Died February 19, 1917



PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL THOMPSON

AT THE DOG SHOW—THE SMALLEST AND THE LARGEST EXHIBITS

The astonishing difference in the varieties of the dog family is strikingly depicted in the above picture. "Wonderful Tiny," the Yorkshire terrier in his mistress's arms, weighs only ten ounces; "Boy Blue," the great St. Bernard in the foreground, weighs 250 pounds



PHOTOGRAPH BY AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION

EFFICIENT PREPARATION FOR POSSIBLE HOSTILITIES—LAYING MINES IN NEW YORK HARBOR

The efficiency of mines as an auxiliary defense for seaports (a fleet is the first defense for all ports) is unquestionably very great. New York City is to be defended by these invisible weapons against possible attack



(c) UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

UNEFFICIENT PREPARATION FOR POSSIBLE HOSTILITIES—DRILLING WITH BROOMSTICKS IN NEW YORK

The picture shows a detachment of zealous Plattsburgh men, most of whom, it is said, are preparing for examination for the Officers' Reserve Corps, engaged in a drill on Governor's Island, New York. No rifles being available for their use, they are going through the drill with broomsticks instead. The drill was witnessed by Colonel Roosevelt, who expressed admiration at the men's patriotism and regret at the unpreparedness which made their proper equipment in the present crisis impracticable



PHOTOGRAPH BY CENTRAL NEWS SERVICE

PREPARATION FOR BILLY SUNDAY'S ATTACK ON THE HOSTS OF EVIL IN NEW YORK

The revival meetings to be conducted by Billy Sunday in New York City are to be held in a huge tabernacle now under construction, as seen in the above picture, at the corner of Broadway and 168th Street. The meetings will begin about the first of April

donkey despised and fought shy of it was a ferry. Don Sien Sung might be a changed being since he had been educated, but the donkey was still unregenerate—in fact, he had never recovered the cruel handling he had had in his youth, and had distrusted all mankind ever since. With the assistance of the ferryman and fifteen or twenty yelling, swearing coolies the unwilling animal was at length coaxed on board by dint of jerking him forward from the front, but keeping a safe distance from his heels. Once on board he subsided, and Dong Sien Sung had a chance to resume his thoughts. Though he was firmly settled in his mind, he was not particularly happy; he was tired from his trip, and this last tussle with his donkey had not helped his temper. A pang of homesickness went over him as the city on the river-bank drew nearer and he recognized familiar objects. Beyond that high gate was his home, which his busy wife kept cozy and neat, so different from that of their heathen neighbors—another thing for which they could thank the foreigners. On the high ridge behind the town rose the walls of the new hospital that was building. It was to be very sanitary, and he could at last try some of the latest inventions of medical science. There were the church and the boys' school; when he went away, he would be taking his children into a city where there was absolutely no Christian environment—only a Chinese can realize the degradation that means; those who have been through the pitch-black midnight alone can realize the full beauty of the light.

Dong Sien Sung shook himself. Such thoughts were foolish; his decision was made, and his children could go to boarding-school, where he could pay the tuition himself without help of scholarships.

The boat touched the shore, the donkey alighted willingly, and with a brief good-night to the boatmen Dong Sien Sung moved towards home.

As he turned into their little street his boys recognized him and ran forward with shouts of glee. At the door of their courtyard stood Dong Si Mu, all bows and smiles; when they entered their home, there was no kissing, as there would be in America—that would be highly improper—but there was great good will, with many inquiries about each other's welfare.

After several bowls of tea Dong Si Mu started to recount to her husband the news, not noticing, in her absorption, his weary, gloomy face. With great enjoyment she showed him some red hard-boiled eggs sent over that day by Liu Sien Sung to announce the glad news that he was the father of a son. Dong Sien Sung listened quietly for a while—he was a patient man—but finally he remarked:

"Silence in a virtuous woman is golden."

Looking up and catching sight of his expression, she decided that silence would also be wisdom in this virtuous woman. Nevertheless she wondered what had come over her husband's usually sunny temper.

Dong Sien Sung was a keen man; he decided that it would be better to wait to tell his decision to his wife until after he had seen Sing Sien Sung—then it would be irrevocable—for he had an idea that Dong Si Mu would resist the change with all the determination of which a Chinese woman is capable. Her friends and interests were here and she was not ambitious to go elsewhere.

The next morning Dong Sien Sung delayed reporting at the hospital until the latest possible moment. He waited so long that the dispensary was full of patients and there was time only for an exchange of greetings, but Sing Sien Sung fairly beamed when he looked at him.

"I wish he would not make it so hard," thought Dong Sien Sung, fretfully.

At length all the dressings were done and the prescriptions given out, while over the dispensary fell a silence that could be felt, for the last patient had departed.

"I am so glad to see you back!" Sing Sien Sung exclaimed. "There have been several new operative cases I wish to try, but did not dare without your assistance to help me watch afterwards, for it means several weeks in bed; but, best of all, my venerable mother has come to visit us from America, and I want you to be sure and see her."

"It will give me great honor to call upon your most revered parent," Dong Sien Sung said, without much enthusiasm; then, gathering his courage together for his confession, "Sing Sien

Sung, I have decided to leave Fengtifou." In a low voice he recounted his reasons. He gave them eloquently and well, but he saw the glad light die out of his friend's face as if wiped out by a sponge, and in its place a gray, anxious look slowly spread. For a long time they discussed every phase of the question; Sing Sien Sung did not blame Dong Sien Sung one whit for wanting to be more independent, yet he felt his loss terribly. It was long past *tiffin* time when they parted rather sadly.

In spite of his trouble, Dong Sien Sung was mindful of the courtesies; so, late that afternoon, clad in his best silk coat, he went to call on the foreign lady. With his graceful carriage and intelligent, even noble, features, Dong Sien Sung was every inch the gentleman, and made a most favorable impression on the stranger.

Through Sing Sien Sung as interpreter, he asked the proper questions as to her age and the number of her sons, and complimented her on her "lofty longevity and her great happiness."

After these polite preliminaries the conversation gradually turned to the subject that was in all their minds, namely, Dong Sien Sung's departure. The lady expressed her grief, and after a slight pause went on:

"Of course we understand the reasons why you would like to go, and in many ways they seem almost unanswerable; but perhaps there is one side of the question you have not fully considered. My sons and their friends have made a great sacrifice in leaving their homes and friends in America to come to China. Their prospects were very bright, but they did not hesitate, because they loved the Chinese and wanted to help them. Do you not think the Chinese in turn should sacrifice to help their own people? I think there is no doubt that your influence can count for more here than in some city where you have no one else to co-operate with."

Dong Sien Sung assented, and shortly after withdrew without apparently having changed his mind.

As they left the room he asked Sing Sien Sung if he might speak to him a moment in his study. As soon as they were seated he turned to his friend.

"Sing Sien Sung," he exclaimed, "the voice of the aged is as the voice of God. I have decided to remain in Fengtifou."

Dong Sien Sung was as good as his word; he slipped back into his old place and fulfilled his duties as efficiently as he had done in the past. Two years flew by; then once more came a tempting offer from a railway that was building, and this time there was a promise of fifteen hundred taels a year to look after the health of the workmen, with a chance to do private practice as well.

He accepted, and prospered beyond his dreams, yet for some reason he did not feel very contented; perhaps it was the news of the terrible famine raging around his old home, and that the foreigners were working ceaselessly to relieve the want. In March the soft spring wind reminded him that the plum trees in front of the hospital would soon be in bloom and that the pomegranates on the hillside were turning a delicate pink; a great wave of homesickness went through him, and in the end the little breezes wooed him south.

He told his wife he needed some medical supplies, and, leaving a young doctor in charge of his work, he fared forth with a lighter heart than he had known in some time.

The donkey, too, seemed to feel the holiday spirit, and was unusually docile, if the word can ever be truthfully applied to that animal.

Soon, however, the character of the country changed; the fields grew barer; every blade of grass had been pulled up by the people in their terrible hunger. The few men he met were mere skeletons, with scarce strength to hold out their hands. He relieved all he could, and this delayed him so that it was nearly dusk of the third day before he approached the city. He fairly glowed when he thought of the welcome he would receive.

Suddenly he recognized one of the Christians in a figure that was walking toward him; but why was his head so bowed and his face clouded with grief?

They met and greeted each other with grave courtesy, and after one or two questions on Dong Sien Sung's part, the evangelist exclaimed:

"Have you not heard the news? I thought that was the

reason you had come. The poor of Fengtifou all 'eat bitterness' to-night. Sing Sien Sung is down with typhus fever, and he cannot last more than an hour or two. They had all been working like giants over the famine and were worn out. Reports came in that the people were dying like flies in one of the temples where they were harboring refugees, and Sing Sien Sung went to see what he could do. He found it worse than he feared, and he too caught the contagion and has been wildly delirious. Liu Sien Sung is ill too, and no one is having any rest."

"The bitterness" the poor were eating was sweet compared to the sorrow and remorse in Dong Sien Sung's heart. Would he never hear his teacher's voice again?

He urged his donkey on as he had never been urged since he fell into Christian hands, and wonder filled that dumb beast's breast; he was so surprised that he actually responded, and very quickly they were at the compound gate and the donkey delivered into the care of the gatekeeper. Dong Sien Sung hurried up to the house and was met by the foreign nurse.

She greeted him with great surprise. "But you must not come in," she said; "the house is quarantined. You might take the fever, and you must think of your wife and family."

"I have come to help," he replied, firmly. "Did Sing Sien Sung ever think of himself when he could relieve suffering? He had a wife and family when he went to the temple, but that did not keep him from doing his duty," and he walked into the house.

In the sad days of suspense that followed none were more untiring than Dong Sien Sung; foreigners and this Chinese doctor vied with each other in loving service. Often it would be four o'clock in the afternoon before they could leave the sick-room long enough to snatch a mouthful of breakfast. They were fighting, fighting against a treacherous foe, and they simply would not acknowledge themselves defeated. Three times they thought him gone, only to see some slight flicker of life return, which encouraged them. Dong Sien Sung was invaluable.

Even when the crisis was past and the foreigners felt that it was safe to relax their watchfulness they could not persuade Dong Sien Sung to leave the sufferer; it was a mystery when he ate, and never did he seem to sleep. He was like the faithful shepherd dog that will not leave his wounded master's side.

At length came a day when Sing Sien Sung sat bolstered up in a chair and a radiant Dong Sien Sung sat beside him. The foreigner turned to his friend with deep feeling and said: "Dong Sien Sung, you will soon be going back to your work, and I want to try and tell you what no words can ever express, the love and gratitude I bear you. If only I could afford to keep you near me, I would never let you go. I shall always think of you when I hear the words 'faithful unto death.'"

For once Dong Sien Sung forgot the formal sentiments demanded by Chinese custom, and he replied, simply: "Sing Sien Sung, I cannot leave you. What you have gone through has made the other world seem all-important, and advancement seem worthless in comparison to fidelity to duty. When I saw how quietly you spoke that day when we all came to say good-by and how sweetly Sing Si Mu bore it and helped to keep your courage strong with her own, I made up my mind to stay in Fengtifou, for I plainly saw that it is true that none of us liveth to himself and none dieth to himself, so I feel I must be in a place that is doing work for other people."

Thus Dong Sien Sung turned his back on his ambitions and a competency of fifteen hundred taels a year. Do such men deserve the name of "rice Christians"?

Let no one make the mistake of thinking that life in the Middle Kingdom is monotonous. In the following autumn a little fire started that was to spread all over the country and sweep away the monarchy. Like all conflagrations, it did not amount to much at first, and people smiled when they spoke of the revolution. The foreigners returned as usual to their stations after their vacations, but the fire crept nearer; Nanking was besieged, and the American Consul telegraphed that the women and children must go to Shanghai. Reluctantly they departed, leaving Sing Sien Sung to keep the hospital open, with Dong Sien Sung as his right-hand man.

The uncertainty and suspense that followed would be hard to describe. Mails were infrequent and the anxious friends in Shanghai could hear nothing for weeks at a time, while the

wildest rumors could not outdo some of the atrocities that occurred. At Fengtifou matters were even worse; the country round about was full of bands of robbers who attacked the unprotected villages while the inhabitants fled into the city for safety. Once Sing Sien Sung got as far as a three or four hours' trip from home on his way to Nanking for news, when a messenger came after him saying that brigands had surrounded Fengtifou and been repulsed in a sharp little encounter, and would he return, as the chief official had been wounded? There was nothing to do but to go back as quickly as possible.

Things grew worse and worse; the helpers and evangelists were forced to take their families to their own province for safety. Thus far no foreigners had been killed—monarchists and revolutionists alike had orders to protect them—but the brigands were looting under no man's orders.

Dong Sien Sung came to Sing Sien Sung over and over again and pleaded with him to leave. Finally word came that the trains were no longer to run. People who fled along the railway track were murdered every day.

At last Dong Sien Sung and the city elders came to the foreigner and said: "You must go. Staying, you endanger all our lives, for the robbers, knowing you are here, will be tempted all the more to come, for they have an idea that every foreigner is rich."

"But," he protested, "I have only a few dollars; they will get nothing."

"That is all the worse; they will not believe you, and will think you have it hidden, and torture both you and us."

This was unanswerable, so he turned to Dong Sien Sung. "Of course you will come too; your family in Shanghai will expect it."

The young doctor shook his head. "My duty is to stay and guard the compound; the news would quickly spread if there was no one in charge, and the station would be pillaged immediately. I speak the dialect and could perhaps disguise myself in case of trouble, though you would be unmistakable; but," and his eyes filled with tears, "if anything happens to me, you will look after my family?"

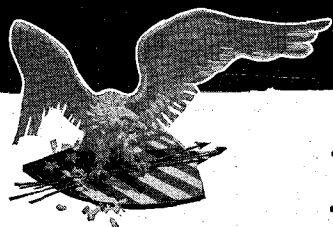
One of the hardest things Sing Sien Sung ever did was to say good-by to his faithful friend and to leave him standing calm and brave, a trusted sentinel, at the gate of the hospital. He caught the last train out to Shanghai and arrived there without accident. Dong Sien Sung's task was anything but easy; he had to guard the compounds not only against brigands but from sneak thieves as well, and he scarcely knew rest day or night. Town after town in the neighborhood was looted and the inhabitants slaughtered, but as by miracle the robbers passed them by; each day the rumor came that the next the brigands would surely come, but weeks passed by and still they were unscathed. Finally the unhappy country began to settle down once more, a republic was established, and the American Consul gave Sing Sien Sung permission to return to Fengtifou.

At the hospital he met the same calm friend he had left, very much worn it is true from his many vigils, but loyal to the last. Together they went over the hospital and houses while Dong Sien Sung told the story of those hard weeks with not one word of boasting. Everything was as it had been left; nothing seemed to have been taken. It was wonderful! Even on the nursery floor lay a little toy horse that had been dropped in the hurry of departure by one of the babies. To hide his emotion Sing Sien Sung stooped down to pick it up; he fingered it nervously. "Dong Sien Sung," he said, "we can really never thank you enough, for you have saved our homes at the risk of your own life, and you never counted the cost; what are thanks compared to such an act?"

Dong Sien Sung was equally moved, but in China they find it hard to speak the language of the heart, and to his lips came only the conventional words that cloak so many shades of thought:

"It is nothing!"

Impulsively the American responded in a way that was contrary to all Oriental etiquette, for he held out his hand, and his friend clasped it warmly, and the man from the East and the man from the West both knew they were joined together by a bond no distance or time could sever.



The New Oliver Nine

How We Will Save American Business Millions of Dollars

The New Plans of The Oliver Typewriter Company

This is a proposal to sell new Oliver Typewriters for half what they used to cost. New machines of our latest model—Oliver Nine. That without altering the value one penny. All by ending a monstrous selling cost. If that interests you, we claim a few minutes' attention.

WE now propose to revolutionize the typewriter business.

This is the time when American industries must prepare for the end of the war. New economic adjustments are inevitable.

So we announce here what the Oliver Typewriter Company proposes to do.

Henceforth there will be no expensive sales force of 15,000 salesmen and agents. No high office rents in 50 cities. No idle stocks.

PRICES CUT IN TWO

By eliminating these terrific and mounting expenses, we will reduce the price of the Oliver Nine from the standard level of \$100 to \$49.

This means that you will save \$51 per machine. This plan, were it to become universal, would save all who buy typewriters over \$100,000,000 a year.

This is not philanthropy on our part. While our plan saves *you* much, it also saves for *us*.

There is nothing more wasteful in the whole realm of business than our old ways of selling typewriters. Who wants to continue them? Wouldn't you rather pocket 50 per cent for yourself?

THE SITUATION

On each Oliver typewriter for which the user paid \$100, more than half has

been spent for salaries, traveling expenses, and commissions to an army of salesmen and agents.

Thousands of dollars have been spent in maintaining expensive branch houses and show rooms in many cities.

Our new plan now saves all this useless waste and brings the typewriter business down to a rock bottom basis.

NEW CONDITIONS

Up to now it has cost manufacturers a great deal to educate people to universal typewriting. But that period is past. Large, expensive sales forces are no longer needed.

The time has come when everybody may use a typewriter—not merely experts.

The growth of the Oliver business and the greater use of typewriters give us the opportunity to revolt from old methods.

BUSINESS MUST HEED

You have read of after-war industrial conditions. You have probably read the warnings of such men as Judge Gary of the U. S. Steel Corporation and President Vanderlip of the National City Bank, that American business must reach new planes of efficiency.

The Oliver Typewriter Company is more prosperous today than ever before—the present Oliver Nine is the most popular model ever made. So we propose to make this change at the height of our success.

Our new plan, we know, will win. People are prepared for new economic adjustments. Thousands will welcome

this announcement. It heralds a standard typewriter at a price never before possible.

WHO CAN RESIST?

Now note this fact carefully. We offer the very same Oliver Nine—the latest model—brand new—full standard equipment—for \$49, the exact one which was \$100 until this advertisement. Every Oliver Typewriter is fully guaranteed.

This is the first time in history that a new, standard \$100 typewriter has been offered for \$49. We do not offer a substitute machine—cheaper, different, or rebuilt. Only new Oliver Nines, direct from the factory to you.

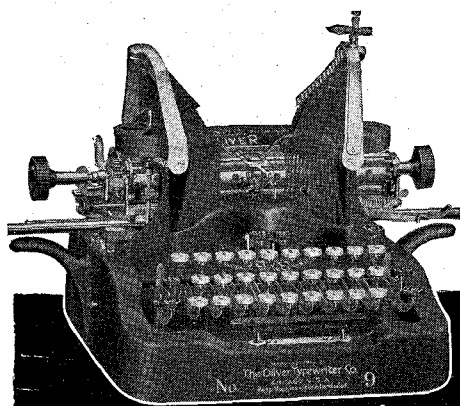
You may have one of these Oliver Nines for inspection without paying a cent. You decide in the privacy of your office or your home. There will be no forceful salesman—working for a commission—to influence you.

Then you may take advantage of our monthly payment plan amounting to 10 cents a day.

WHAT DO YOU SAY?

Now, we ask you, is the old sales plan necessary? Must we turn over to salesmen more than half of what you pay? Must we continue, at your cost, all of the unnecessary expenses? Or would you rather have us save \$51 and give the whole saving to you?

Read all of the details on the opposite page. Then order an Oliver Nine for free trial or send for our startling book, entitled "The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and The Remedy." Mail the coupon.



Famous the World Over

Was \$100—Now \$49



A \$2,000,000 Guarantee That This \$49 Typewriter Was \$100

The Sales Policy Alone Is Changed—Not the Machine

The Oliver Nine—the latest and best model—will be sent direct from the factory to you upon approval. Five days' free trial. No money down—no C. O. D. No salesmen to influence you. Be your own salesman and save \$51. Over a year to pay. Mail the coupon now.

THE Oliver Typewriter Company gives this guarantee; the Oliver Nine we now sell direct is the exact machine—our latest and best model—which until this advertisement was \$100.

This announcement deals only with a change in sales policy.

The Oliver Typewriter Company is at the height of its success. With its huge financial resources it has determined to place the typewriter industry on a different basis. This, you admit, is in harmony with the economic trend of the times.

For \$49, whether you buy *one* Oliver Nine or one *hundred*, you receive the exact machine which was \$100, fully guaranteed.

THE LATEST MODEL

This Oliver Nine is a twenty-year development. It is the finest, the costliest, the most successful model that we have ever built.

More than that, it is the best typewriter, in fifty ways, that anybody ever turned out. If any typewriter in the world is worth \$100, it is the Oliver Nine.

It is the same commercial machine purchased by the United States Steel Corporation, the Standard Oil Company, the National City Bank of New York, Montgomery Ward & Co., the National Biscuit Company, the Penn-

sylvania Railroad and other leading businesses. Over 600,000 are in daily use.

SIMPLIFIED SELLING

Our new plan is extremely simple. It is in accord with the tendency of the times.

It makes it possible for the consumer to deal direct with the producer.

You may order from this advertisement by using the coupon below.

We don't ask a penny down on deposit—no C. O. D.

When the typewriter arrives, put it to every test—use it as you would your own. If you decide to keep it, you have more than a year to pay for it. Our terms are \$3.00 per month.

Or if you wish additional information, write us or send your address on this coupon for our proposition in detail. We immediately mail you our de luxe catalog and all information which you would otherwise obtain from a typewriter salesman.

10 CENTS A DAY

In making our terms of \$3.00 a month—the equivalent of 10 cents a day—we make it possible for everyone to own a typewriter. To own it for 50 per cent less than any other standard machine.

Regardless of price, do not spend one cent upon any typewriter—whether new second hand or rebuilt—do not even rent a machine until you have investigated thoroughly our proposition.

Remember, we offer here one of the most durable, one of the greatest, one of the most successful typewriters ever built. If anyone ever builds a better, it will be Oliver.

WHY PAY \$100?

Why now pay the extra tax of \$51 when you may obtain a brand new Oliver Nine—a world favorite—for \$49?

As a user, why not revolt? Just as we have revolted from frenzied competition.

Cut out the frills and order direct from this advertisement.

Or send for our remarkable book entitled, "The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and The Remedy." You will not be placed under the slightest obligation.

Send today for your Oliver Nine or for further facts—many of which can't be printed here. Check the coupon below and mail today.

The Oliver Typewriter Company
1213 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago

NOTE CAREFULLY—This coupon will bring you either the Oliver Nine for free trial or further information. Check carefully which you wish.

To the Big User

This announcement is of particular value to you. Big users will save hundreds and thousands of dollars. An absolutely new Model 9 Oliver Typewriter, fully guaranteed, at a list price of \$49, presents an opportunity unparalleled in the history of the industry. To save 50 per cent is certainly interesting to any business man, especially when the value remains unaltered. You know the Oliver. This present Model 9 is operated by any stenographer or typist, including touch operators.

We suggest to purchasing agents or buyers whose concerns use typewriters in quantity to get in touch with us immediately. Write today for further particulars relating to large users.

This Coupon Worth \$51

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO.,
1213 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

☐ Ship me a new Oliver Nine for five days' free inspection. If I keep it, I will pay \$49 at the rate of \$3 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for.

My shipping point is.....

This does not place me under any obligation to buy. If I choose to return the Oliver, I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.

☐ Do not send a machine until I order it. Mail me your book—"The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and The Remedy," your de luxe catalogs and further information.

Name

Street Address

City.....State.....

WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY

BY J. MADISON GATHANY, A.M.

HOPE STREET HIGH SCHOOL, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Based on *The Outlook* of February 28, 1917

Each week an Outline Study of Current History based on the preceding number of *The Outlook* will be printed for the benefit of current events classes, debating clubs, teachers of history and of English, and the like, and for use in the home and by such individual readers as may desire suggestions in the serious study of current history.—THE EDITORS.

I—INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: 1. Relations between the United States and Germany.

2. The Submarine Warfare.

Reference: Page 341.

Questions:

1. Name several "critical points of danger" in diplomatic relations with Germany since we broke off relations with her. 2. Does it seem strange to you that President Wilson asks for special power from Congress to protect American lives, property, and rights? 3. What are the duties of the President of the United States? 4. How are treaties between this country and foreign countries made? How long do they last? 5. What are the leading articles in the Prussian-American Treaty of 1799? What changes does Germany seek? What objections do you see in these changes? 6. What do you think of the position taken by some that the United States is not showing itself a virile Nation, but is degenerating into "a multitude too feeble to overcome its own fears of possible destruction in case of resistance"? 7. Is it a wise policy for a nation to exact from other nations the fulfillment of their duties toward it? 8. What are some of the facts and statistics of Germany's submarine warfare since February 1, and of British shipping? 9. What is the "straight issue between the United States and Germany as to the right of American ships to arm themselves for defense"? Why is not the issue forced?

B. Topic: British and German Blockades.

Reference: Page 348.

Questions:

1. Who is responsible for Germany's new war zone decree? Germany? The United States? Great Britain? 2. Great Britain first laid out a war zone in the North Sea. Has or has not Germany merely done the same thing in other waters? Discuss carefully. 3. Contrast the British use of submarines with the German use of them. How many neutral merchant vessels has Great Britain sunk since this war began? Has she had occasion to sink such? 4. Is or is it not sheer nonsense to say that "America should have stopped Great Britain from doing what Germany does now"? 5. Can you follow the "reasoning" of those who say that "Great Britain is as bad as Germany in her international relations"? 6. What do you think of having the Stars and Stripes banished from the high seas?

II—NATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: Nationalism in the South.

Reference: Pages 341, 342.

Questions:

1. Give a brief history of the Progressive party. Do you think it has performed any real service in American politics? Has its usefulness ended? 2. Name fifteen things in which this party believes. What is meant by "social justice"? 3. What fundamental reasons can you advance for the abolition of child labor? Why don't some believe in its abolition? 4. Name and explain American ideals. 5. Discuss "Dollar blindness threatens to be a National

curse." 6. Is American Nationalism on the increase? 7. Distinguish between National rights, National honor, and National duty.

B. Topic: The War on Alcohol.

Reference: Editorial, pages 348, 349.

Questions:

1. What is alcoholism? 2. Give a brief account of the movement against intemperance. 3. Compare the earlier temperance movement with the character of the present movement. How do you account for this change? 4. Just how does our form of government make the fight against alcoholism difficult? 5. Who are the foes and who the friends of alcoholism? 6. The Prohibition party is one of the oldest parties in the United States. If its cause is worthy, why has it not become the leading party? 7. Is there any connection between politics and the liquor traffic? Discuss. 8. Is it possible to establish any relation between intemperance and poverty? Intemperance and crime? Intemperance and insanity? It is easy to say "Yes," but prove it if you can. 9. What recommendations can you make as to the liquor traffic?

C. Topic: Patriotism a Higher Self-Interest.

Reference: Pages 358, 362.

Questions:

1. Is or is not patriotism merely a pauble? Would or would not the world be better off without it? 2. What are the agencies that promote and sustain patriotism? 3. Is or is not Mr. Price's statement, "We have the best Government and the best citizenship that has yet been evolved," mainly assertion? 4. In your opinion, how well has Mr. Price established his thesis, "Patriotism a Higher Self-Interest"? 5. Of what benefit is the Government of the United States to you?

D. Topic: The "Feed Ourselves Gospel."

Reference: Pages 356, 357.

Questions:

1. In what ways has Mrs. Mathis aided the South to prosperity? 2. What is the substance of her "economic gospel"? 3. Is soil fertility the basis of all wealth? 4. Compare the importance of the farming industry with that of other industries and professions. 5. How ought the average farmer to be assisted?

III—PROPOSITIONS FOR DISCUSSION

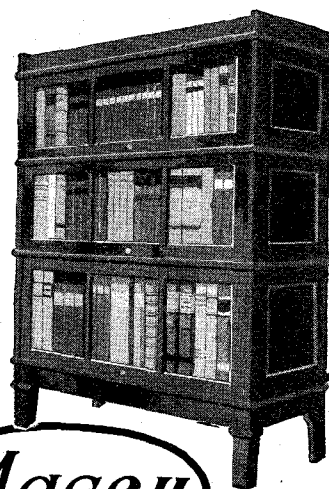
(These propositions are suggested directly or indirectly by the subject-matter of *The Outlook*, but not discussed in it.)

1. The surrender of one National right weakens and imperils every other National right. 2. An amendment to the Federal Constitution making prohibition National should be added. 3. Morality is largely a question of geography. 4. The preservation of patriotism depends upon war.

IV—VOCABULARY BUILDING

(Define accurately the following words and expressions, all of which are found in *The Outlook* for February 28, 1917.)

Patriotism, submarine, humane, military transport, moral instincts, platform, budget system, reconstruction era, materialists, Kaiserism, George-the-Thirdism, local option, anomaly, liquor, *prima facie*, sublimated, antipodes, legumes.



Macey
REGD. U.S. PAT. OFF.

If Books Could Speak

What stories books could tell if they could only talk, how they could recall the many pleasant hours spent in the company of the people who march through their pages.

There is nothing that we buy for our homes that we prize any higher than we do our books and they should be properly housed.

Macey Sectional Bookcases provide the best way.

Twenty-five years spent in manufacturing and developing the Sectional Bookcase has enabled us to build better each year. Macey Sectional Bookcases embody every refinement in perfect cabinet work and design.

They fit the environment of your home regardless of how it may be furnished, all at prices so low that they will surprise you.

They fit between or under windows, on either side of doors or fireplaces as though specially built for your particular needs.

Macey Bookcases are sold by dealers everywhere, but to assist you in choosing we will send a miniature of our large catalog without charge on your request. Write for it today.

The Macey Co.

1524-1574 Division Ave.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

Barrett Specification Roofs

In Grand Rapids, for instance—

In almost any American city—you can pick out any of the leading commercial buildings and say with fair certainty, "*That building has a Barrett Specification Roof.*"

Take the city of Grand Rapids, for instance. Here are the four newest buildings: the new Bank, a new Wholesale Grocery, the new Y. M. C. A., and the new Hotel.

They all have Barrett Specification Roofs.

Most permanent buildings in the country carry this type of roof, and their popularity is not to be wondered at when you consider the following features:

First: Lowest unit cost per year of service.

Second: Guaranteed for twenty years, with a record which shows that they last much longer.

Third: Freedom from maintenance expense.

Fourth: Approved as "Class A" construction and take the base rate of fire insurance.

Tile, Slate, Shingles and Ready Roofings—all have their place on different types of steep-roofed buildings; tin is now rarely used for roofing. For all important commercial structures, however, the standard practise calls for Barrett Specification Roofs.

Guaranteed for 20 Years

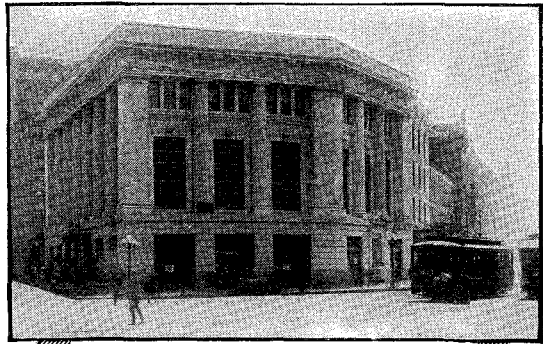
We are now prepared to give a 20-Year Surety Bond Guaranty on every Barrett Specification Roof of fifty squares and over in all towns in the United States and Canada of 25,000 population and more, and in smaller places where our Inspection Service is available.

This Surety Bond will be issued by the United States Fidelity and Guaranty Company of Baltimore and will be furnished by us *without charge*. Our only requirements are that the roofing contractor shall be approved by us, and that The Barrett Specification, dated May 1, 1916, shall be strictly followed.

The **Barrett** Company

Largest Manufacturers in the World of Roofing and Roofing Materials

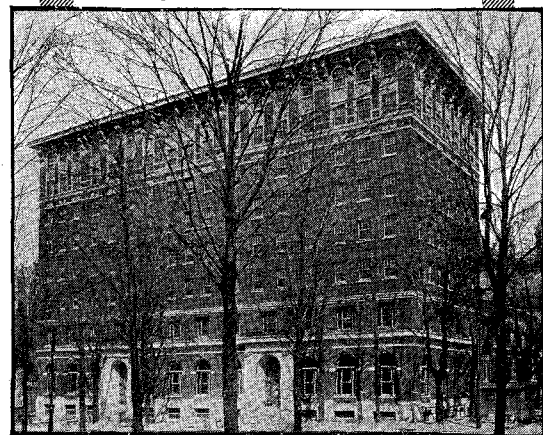
New York	Chicago	Philadelphia	Boston
St. Louis	Cleveland	Cincinnati	Pittsburgh
Detroit	Birmingham	Kansas City	Minneapolis
Nashville	Salt Lake City	Peoria	Seattle
The Paterson Manufacturing Company, Limited:	Montreal	Toronto	Winnipeg
Vancouver	St. John, N. B.	Halifax, N. S.	Sydney, N. S.



National City Bank, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Architects: Williamson & Crow
Gen. Contractors: Hauser, Owen, Ames Co.
Roofing Contractors: Eikenhout & Sons Co.



Caulfield Building, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Architects: Wernette, Bradfield & Mead
General Contractors: Horner & Kelly
Roofing Contractors: Eikenhout & Sons Co.



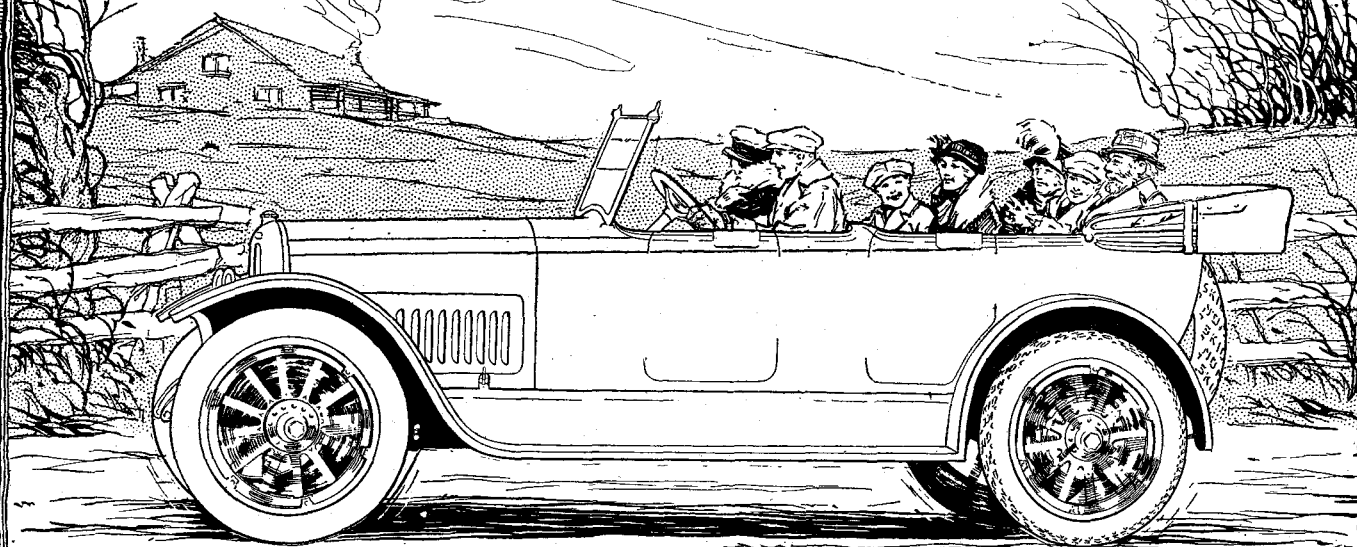
Y. M. C. A. Building, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Architects: Robinson & Campau
Gen. Contractors: Hauser, Owen, Ames Co.
Rfg. Contractors: Geo. Vander Broek Co.



Pantlind Hotel, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Gen. Con.: Fuller Construction Co., N. Y. C.
Rfg. Con.: M. W. Powell Co., Chicago, Ill.
Waterproofing Con.: Tuttle Rfg. Co., N. Y. C.

MARION-HANDLEY

THE SIX PRE-EMINENT



MARION-HANDLEY
THE SIX PRE-EMINENT

Six-60

\$1575

7 passenger
touring.

125 inch
wheelbase.

4½ inch tires.

Six-40

120 inch
wheelbase.

4 inch tires.

7 passenger

Touring or

4 passenger

Roadster

\$1275.

F. O. B. Jackson

The Car of Quiet Individuality

The Marion-Handley has a quiet and unobtrusive individuality that is appealing; nothing freakish in design, construction or finish.

Perhaps only the keenly observant instinctively sense that it is out of the ordinary, and owned by out of the ordinary motorists.

And that is well, because restrained expression of individuality is a form of artistry, which is lost when it passes to the point of general attraction.

Not every man will appreciate the subtle touch of distinction in this Six-Pre-eminent.

We are content that this is so, because we want, as far as possible, to interest those who appreciate just such a peculiar type of individuality as we suggest.

See this unusual car at any of the addresses named below.

THE MUTUAL MOTORS CO., JACKSON, MICH.

SPECIAL MARION-HANDLEY DISTRIBUTING DEPOTS GIVEN BELOW

If none is near you, write for catalog and local dealer's address

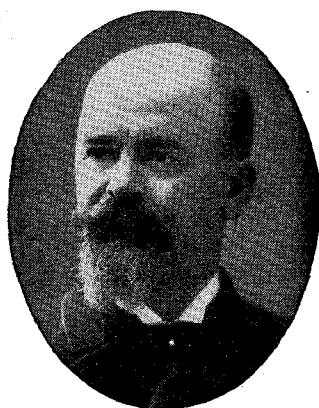
Akron—Summit Auto Co.
Augusta, Ga.—Lombard Motor & Supply Co.
Albany, N. Y.—A. J. Kampf
Basile, La.—R. Clem LaFleur
Beaumont, Tex.—R. E. Ligon
Benton Harbor—D. M. Marshall
Big Springs, Tex.—C. F. Morris
Belleville, Ill.—Knab Motor Car Co.
Boston, Mass.—F. F. Wentworth Co.
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Jno. P. Agnew, Inc.
Buffalo—The Loveland Co.
Canton—Heavner Motor Sales Co.
Chattanooga, Tenn.—Podgett & Garret Motor Sales Co.
Chicago—Chicago-Briscoe Motor Co.
Cleveland—Marion-Handley Sales Co.
Dayton—Stomps Auto Sales Co.
Detroit—B. F. Falter Sales Co.

Dallas—Ray-Rose Co.
Dubuque, Ia.—F. H. Motor Sales Co.
Erie, Pa.—H. J. Meyers Motor Sales Co.
Evansville, Ind.—Dennis Bros.
Fitzgerald, Ga.—Johnson Hardware Co.
Fresno, Calif.—H. O. Marshall Auto Co.
Gaffney, S. C.—Byers & Copeland
Holdrege, Neb.—Kronquest & Lancaster Co.
Houston, Tex.—C. Jim Stewart & Stevenson
Hutchinson, Kansas—Oliphant Motor Co.
Johnstown, N. Y.—Staley-Flomsbee Co.
Kansas City—Hull Motor Car Company
Lititz, Pa.—Jno. F. Longenecker
London, Ont.—Forrest City Motor Sales Co.
Los Angeles—C. H. Carter Co.
Madison, Wis.—Madison Sales Co.
Mechanicsville, N. Y.—Cowens Garage
Milwaukee—Marion-Handley Sales Co.
Minneapolis—LaCrosse Auto Co.

Omaha—Prince Auto Co.
Pittsburg—Pittsburg Motor Sales Co.
Reading, Pa.—Fichthorn & Bechtel
Saginaw, Mich.—Hedinger & Vasold
San Francisco—H. V. Carter Motor Co.
Santa Barbara, Cal.—J. C. F. Miller
St. Louis—Briscoe Motor Sales Co.
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THE NEW BOOKS

This department will include descriptive notes, with or without brief comments, about books received by The Outlook. Many of the important books will have more extended and critical treatment later

FICTION

Armenian Legends and Poems. Illustrated and Compiled by Zabelle C. Boyajian. Introduction by Right Hon. Viscount Bryce. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$8.

Balkan Freebooter (A). By Jan Gordon. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$3.

A vivid tale of the adventures of a Serbian driven (before this war began) into leading the life of a bandit and robber by oppression and injury. The author tells us that, although the name used is fictitious, the life story is that of an actual man and was taken down from his lips. It reads precisely as such a narrative might be expected to read.

Greenmantle. By John Buchan. The George H. Doran Company, New York. \$1.35.

A tale of war adventure in which two young naval officers and a perfectly impossible American are sent out to find the secret by which Germany is inciting the Mohammedans in the East to a religious war. Mr. Buchan is always a good storyteller, but this story is inferior to its predecessor, "Thirty-nine Steps."

Jerry. By Arthur Stanwood Pier. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$1.50.

This novel describes the life of a New England mill-hand. He is an honest, likable chap who has ideals in life and whose career is worth following as he rises to the ranks of the police and then by hard study becomes a successful lawyer and an influence in public affairs.

Mendel. By Gilbert Cannan. The George H. Doran Company, New York. \$1.50.

Mr. Cannan has never done better work than in this depiction of a young Jew fired with a passion for painting, who makes his way through poverty and discouragement to success. Mendel is a combination of imagination, self-conceit, cowardice, crudeness, and genius. Taken as a portrait the book is remarkable. Its minute realism is sometimes offensive, but the intent of the book is sound. It is true, however, that this story, like others of Mr. Cannan's, is painfully defective in construction and that the interest continually weakens as the end draws near.

Spring Song (The). A Novel. By Forrest Reid. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$1.40.

The story of an imaginative boy whose psychic tendencies are played upon by a man who has insane delusions. The situation is painful but is worked out with delicate art. Other children in the story are delightfully human and normal.

Stakes of Diplomacy (The). By Walter Lippmann. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 60c.

Stories of H. C. Bunner (The). "Short Sixes," "More Short Sixes." Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 2 vols. \$1.35 each.

Every one who read and enjoyed Mr. Bunner's "Short Stories" years ago will be delighted that a Bunner revival is now in progress. Some of these "Short Sixes" are among the best of American tales of a generation ago—humorous and well written.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Baldy of Nome. By Esther Birdsall Darling. The Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia. \$1.75.

East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon, and Other Norse Fairy Tales. By G. W. Dasent. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$1.25.

Safety First Club (The). By W. T. Nichols. Illustrated by F. A. Anderson. The Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia. \$1.

Stories for Sunday Telling. By Carolyn Sherwin Bailey. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. \$1.

BIOGRAPHY

Middle Group of American Historians (The). By John Spencer Bassett. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.

George Bancroft, Jared Sparks, and Peter Force are the three American historians whose work and methods are here studied, together with a great deal of detail as to their personal lives and opinions. Other writers of this period in this field also receive attention, such as Prescott and Motley, but a surprisingly small amount of attention is given to these last-named authors.

HISTORY, POLITICAL ECONOMY, AND POLITICS Public Defender (The). By Mayer C. Goldman. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$1.

The plan for a "public defender" as an aid to justice in our courts has repeatedly been advocated in The Outlook. This book states facts and arguments in a convincing way.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

Plays and Players. Leaves from a Critic's Scrapbook. By Walter Prichard Eaton. The Stewart & Kidd Company, Cincinnati. \$2.

Mr. Eaton writes seriously but entertainingly of plays produced on the American stage during the past six years. Even when he talks of plays which the public has more or less forgotten he is interesting, but in the second half of his book, when he discusses the stage in more general terms, his remarks are not only interesting but important as well. There is meat here for all who are concerned with the development of the American stage.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

Dubliners. By James Joyce. B. W. Huebsch, New York. \$1.50.

Few have any idea of Dublin's distinctive social qualities—and most of us have a tolerably distinct idea of what the social qualities of other European capitals are. Of course Dublin is a provincial capital, very provincial too. Yet that seems only to deepen its peculiar atmosphere, as Mr. Joyce's volume shows.

Going Abroad Overland. By David M. Steele. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$1.50.

Because of the war the attention of Americans is more than ever centered upon the sights of their own country. Hence the present volume should find many readers. In very direct phrase it gives a deal of information. It might have been expanded, however, to cover a wider area.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

Psychology of Religion (The). By George Albert Coe, Professor in the Union Theological Seminary, New York City. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. \$1.50.

This remarkable work focuses on the most pressing problems of a science still in its beginnings. The development of religious consciousness is traced from its racial roots to a conception of religion not at all separate from instinct but functioning elsewhere, namely, in developing an ethico-religious consciousness both individual and social. Dr. Coe reminds us that science, art, morality, are each a self-and-social affair, while religion demands not only social persons but God as the ideal *socius* of all individuals.

Treating the future life as a psychological problem, Dr. Coe observes that, as we value life chiefly as social, its continuance hereafter is an object of desire. Especially is this seen in the case of an illustrious individual in whom a social ideal is personified. Life indefinitely continued is



The Pan-German Plot Unmasked

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HOW NEW FORTUNES ARE BEING WON OVERNIGHT

How One Man Who Formerly Earned \$1,500 a Year Became One of the Richest Men in His City. How Another Increased His Salary 800% in One Year. Other Examples that Point the Way to Ambitious Men and Women.

By R. D. RAINES

WHILE there is no school which can teach its pupils how to make money, there is a way to cultivate one's personal powers which is enabling a great army of men in all parts of the country to turn failure into success almost overnight, and the "how" of it is really very simple.

I know of one young man who, a little over two years ago, was earning \$1,500 a year with no prospect of anything more. He was married and had a wife and two children to support. Year after year he had been working hard and faithfully, yet didn't seem to be able to get ahead.

Today, twenty-six months later, this man is one of the leading business men of his city. He is worth nearly \$200,000. He owns three automobiles—belongs to county clubs and other exclusive organizations—goes fishing, hunting, traveling, whenever he wants to, and has one of the finest houses in town costing over \$25,000 which he paid for in cash.

Here is what this man recently wrote me about his success—and it carries a message which can easily be worth a fortune to any reader of this magazine.

"In response to your question I am only too glad to explain how I was able to change my poor man's lot for all the comforts and luxuries that wealth can command.

"Until a few years ago I belonged to that great army of drifters—you know the kind—those fellows who take what comes to them but who never stop to think how much more they might get with very little extra effort.

"One night just about two years ago I suddenly 'found' myself, and as a result my whole life was changed. In less than three years I have accomplished what I had thought before would not be possible in my whole life-time.

"The trouble with most men—the great army of drifters—is that they let slip by this crucial stage in their development without making a really searching, critical, unbiased inventory of themselves. They miss finding what is keeping them from success, so they continue to drift. Those very men—my own friends, lots of them—are earning just about what they did and what I did two years ago. Just like those men, I found that I had a pretty fair share of ambition, determination, and energy, but in spite of these assets I wasn't getting anywhere and I wanted to know why. I determined to watch myself closely—to compare myself with those giants of American business who had made such a stupendous success—Edison, Rockefeller, Hill, Schwab, Carnegie. In the past I had worried about my lack of education but not one of these millionaires had any more schooling than I had. I knew then it couldn't be a matter of education.

"I kept on watching myself closely. I got the habit of criticising my action on any proposition that came before me. And then I saw the light. It was this way—in every proposition, no matter how trivial, that required a decision, I found that I was afraid to make an 'out-and-out' decision. I knew in my heart the way I should have decided and yet hesitated. I decided one way and then another. I didn't seem to be able to make decisions promptly and fearlessly even though I really knew which way I should choose.

"At last I was beginning to discover myself. I found that I didn't know strongly enough just what I wanted—or knowing, I hadn't the necessary will power to demand.

I decided to experiment with my will power. I said to myself and repeated it over and over that I would cultivate it. I knew now where the trouble had been in the past. I had sort of begged for success—now I decided to go after it—to go after it with a grim vigor that would brook no interference. I determined to cultivate my will power and to command and demand what I wanted—SUCCESS.

"But it wasn't plain sailing at first. I knew I wanted to cultivate my will power. I had determined that, but *how* to do it—that was the question. I knew in a dim sort of way that other men had studied this question and I began to investigate. At times I felt myself hesitating—my enthusiasm cooling—but with a directness of purpose I had scarcely known before, I kept up the search for means whereby I might develop my will power.

"For a while I was able to find nothing that offered any help to me in arriving at a proper understanding of my own will, or rather in acquiring the new power that I hoped might be possible.

"One day when talking the matter over with an especially well informed man, whom both you and I know, I learned from him that an eminent scientist had just completed the most thorough and comprehensive study of will power ever made. The name of this scientist, as you know, is Prof. Frank Channing Haddock.

"I immediately got one of Dr. Haddock's books, and the first statement that greeted my eyes was this: 'The will is just as susceptible of development as the muscles of the body.' Imagine my delight! Here at last my question was answered. I discovered that for 20 years Dr. Haddock had devoted himself to this study, and had so completely mastered it that he had been able to set down the very exercises by which anyone can develop the will, making it a better, stronger force each day, simply through an easy, progressive course of training.

"Can you wonder that I began instantly to practice the exercises as laid down by Dr. Haddock, and with a fervor that astonished even myself? And, almost from the very first day, the results were remarkable. I don't think I need enlarge further as to how remarkable the results were—when in little more than two years this training of Dr. Haddock's—and this training alone—has lifted me from what was practically poverty to a position of wealth and affluence.

"Now—above all—I want you to understand that my case is not exceptional. I am just the average man—no highly developed powers whatever—save that of the Will. You have known me personally, and you will agree I know. In case any one should be skeptical, let me cite one or two instances I have since come across which should prove conclusively that any one can develop an indomitable will.

"Mr. W. M. Taylor, the famous efficiency expert of the great Studebaker corporation, became interested in a young man who worked in one of the big factories. This young man was especially bright and willing, but he seemed to get nowhere. Finally, Mr. Taylor suggested that he take up the study of will training, and here is the result. In less than one year this young man increased his salary not 100 or 200 but 800%.

"Then there is the case of C. D. Van Vechten, General Agent of the Northwestern Life Insurance Company, Cedar Rapids,

Iowa. Just a short time after receiving the methods in will development taught by Prof. Haddock, Mr. Van Vechten stated that they would be worth from \$3,000 to \$30,000 to him.

"I personally know of many other equally amazing examples of the power of will development. A man residing in Hot Springs, Ark., Mr. H. D. Ferguson, increased his earnings from \$40.00 a week to \$90.00 a week in a remarkably short time after he commenced the study. The instances I have mentioned are but a few—there are many, many more.

"If my letter will be the means of introducing Dr. Haddock to other young men throughout this country, I will be well repaid, for I know that I will have the thanks of every one of those young men."

Prof. Haddock's lessons, rules and exercises in will training have recently been compiled and published in book form by the Pelton Publishing Co., of Meriden, Conn. Mr. Pelton has authorized me to say that any reader who cares to examine the book may do so without sending any money in advance. In other words, if after a week's reading you do not feel that this book is worth \$3, the sum asked, return it and you will owe nothing. When you receive your copy for examination I suggest that you first read the articles on: the law of great thinking; how to develop analytical power; how to perfectly concentrate on any subject; how to guard against errors in thought; how to drive from the mind unwelcome thoughts; how to develop fearlessness; how to use the mind in sickness; how to acquire a dominating personality.

Some few doubters will scoff at the idea of will power being the fountainhead of wealth, position and everything we are striving for, and some may say that no mere book can teach the development of the will. But the great mass of intelligent men and women will at least investigate for themselves by sending for the book at the publisher's risk. I am sure that any book that has done for my friend—and for thousands of others—what "Power of Will" has done—is well worth investigating. It is interesting to note that among the 150,000 owners who have read, used and praised "Power of Will," are such prominent men as Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, Ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Lieut.-Gov. McKelvie of Nebraska; Assistant Postmaster-General Britt; General Manager Christeson, of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis; Governor Arthur Capper of Kansas, and thousands of others.

As a first step in will training, I would suggest immediate action in this matter before you. It is not even necessary to write a letter. Use the form below, if you prefer, addressing it to the Pelton Publishing Company, 4-F Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn., and the book will come by return mail. This one act may mean the turning point of your life, as it has meant to so many others.

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The New Books (Continued)

desired for him and for social reasons. In several particulars Dr. Coe has made a distinct advance on preceding writers.

Psychology of Religion (The). By James H. Snowden, D.D., LL.D. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. \$1.50.

This is a highly valuable help for pastors, Bible teachers, and active Christians generally.

Practical applications of psychological principles are now being made in all departments of the working world. The greater efficiency realized thereby is now equally needed in religion, the motor nerve of progress in true civilization. This is Dr. Snowden's aim. He has pursued it with admirable thoroughness.

Applying the accepted principles of psychology to the study of religion on its accepted basis of philosophical theism and Christian faith, he turns their searchlight point by point on every line and corner of present-day religious thought and practice in the home and school, in the college and university, in personal and social life and public worship, in prayer and preaching, song and giving.

WAR BOOKS

Basis of Durable Peace (The). Written at the Invitation of the New York "Times." By Cosmos. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 30c.

This may well serve as an incitement to careful thought and the formation of reasonable opinions on the extremely important question involved. The view of the author is not always in accordance with our opinions, but we can heartily agree with "Cosmos" when he says:

To conquer the militaristic ideal, as represented for the moment by Prussian policy, will not be enough to insure a durable peace. The spirit and the point of view which manifest themselves in militarism, in the subordination of civil to military authority and policy, and in the setting of right below might, must be driven out of the hearts and minds of men.

Nevertheless, the first thing to do is to deal with the immediate question, and that means to destroy the evil which militarism is doing now and in this war.

Battles of the Somme (The). By Philip Gibbs. The George H. Doran Company, New York. \$2.

Mr. Gibbs is one of the best known of war correspondents. He tells of the British offensive on the Somme from July to November last. That offensive is still continuing, and it would be a bold war critic who should predict when it will end.

Deportation of Women and Girls from Lille. The George H. Doran Company, New York. 50c.

As Premier Briand says on the first page, time has been necessary to collect the evidence establishing German guilt for the events of Holy Week, 1916, in Lille. Nothing has thus been spared to make those events ghastly; they must needs take place in Holy Week! This volume comprises the evidence, and also other documents, attesting various abuses to which the French have been subjected. While the Government cannot confirm every detail of the information here given because it relates to occurrences in territories still occupied by the enemy, the evidence itself carries conviction concerning its general truth.

When the Prussians Came to Poland. By Laura de Gozdawa Turczynowicz. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$1.25.

The experiences of an American woman, wife of a Polish noble, during the German invasion of Russian Poland. Her Red Cross work, her fight against the horrors of typhus, her observation of the general

The New Books (Continued)

suffering, her acting as involuntary host-ess to a "Great Man," said by the pub-lisher's note to be Hindenburg—all make up a thrilling narrative.

Yankee Major Invades Belgium (A). Chronicle of a Merciful and Peaceful Mission to Europe During the World War. By George Taggart and Wallace Winchell. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. \$1.25.

The army of invasion was the Salvation Army. The head of the Commission for Relief in Belgium, Mr. Herbert Hoover, said to Major Winchell, of the Salvation Army, "You have probably been nearer to the Belgian populace and real conditions than any member of my Commission."

SCIENCE

Andes of Southern Peru (The). By Isaiah Bowman. Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$3.

In its buckram cover and green leather labels this is a dignified-looking volume. It comprises an account of the Yale Peruvian Expedition of 1911. The text is both erudite and popular—a winning combina-tion—and is reinforced by detailed maps and diagrams.

Layman's Handbook of Medicine (A). With Special Reference to Social Workers. By Richard C. Cabot, M.D. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$2.

Dr. Cabot's standing both in his profes-sion and as a writer are such that a book by him on this topic is sure to command respect. He does not here attempt to tell people how to treat themselves for disease, but he does tell them in a simple and un-technical way and in a broad manner what the medical profession knows about disease. He does this with some particularity, but only with reference to those things which the layman should know and may know without danger of misapprehension on his part. The book is intended especially for social workers, teachers, employers, and those responsible for the health of others.

MISCELLANEOUS

Itching Palm (The). A Study of the Habit of Tipping in America. By William R. Scott. The Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia. 50c.

Kingdom of the Mind (The). How to Pro-mote Intelligent Living and Avert Mental Disaster. By James Mortimer Keniston, M.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$1.25.

Rings for the Finger. By George Frederick Kunz. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Phila-delphia. \$6.50.

Mr. Kunz adds another to the series of books on those topics in which he is easily the highest American authority. As he has before told us about precious stones, amu-lets, the literature of gems, and such topics, so now he gives us a wonderfully complete and minute view of the origin of finger rings, their history from the earliest times, the sentiments and customs connected with them (as in the chapters on magic and on talismanic and healing rings), their religious use, and much else. The book is hand-somely printed and very fully illustrated, and it is written in an agreeable and often entertaining style.

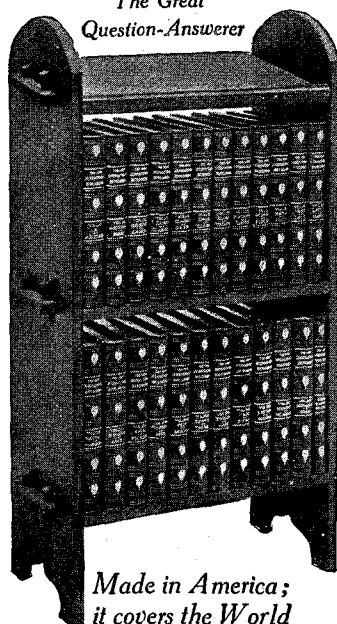
In the issue of The Outlook for Febru-ary 21 was published a review of the book entitled "A Guide to the Study of the Christian Religion," edited by Professor Gerald Birney Smith. By a regrettable error, the phrase, "Let There Be Light" was used as part of the title of the book, whereas it was intended solely as the title of the article reviewing the book. The proper title is "A Guide to the Study of the Christian Religion," edited by Gerald Bir-ney Smith, and the book is published by the University of Chicago Press.

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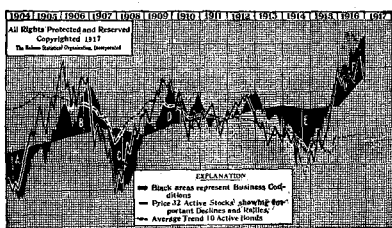
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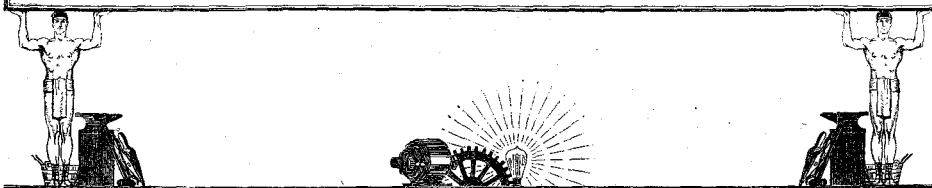
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THE DEVELOPMENT OF MODERN LIGHTING

"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.

And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep.

And the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.

And God said, Let there be light: and there was light.

And God saw the light, that it was good: and God divided the light from the darkness."

THUS we read of the creation and of light breaking from the darkness of chaos. In the beginnings of history light is the first phenomenon to appear—for on light depend all existence and all growth. Light has been an active element in the religions and customs of the earliest races of men, and even to the present day plays an important part in the ceremonials of the Church.

The cry of mankind is always, "Give us more light," for light denotes joy and progress, and darkness signifies death. Fire, the most mysterious and impressive of the elements, the giver of light and of all the good things of life, is a thing sacred and adorable in primitive religions, and fire worship still has its place in two at least of the great religions of the world. The Parsees adore fire as the visible expression of Mazda, the eternal principle of light and righteousness; the Brahmans worship it as divine and omniscient. In the ritual of the Jewish temple fire and light played a conspicuous part. The Jewish synagogues have each their eternal lamp; while the Mohammedan temple at Mecca is illuminated by thousands of lamps hanging from the gold and silver rods that connect the columns of the surrounding colonnade.

The Greeks and Romans too had their sacred fires and their ceremonial lights. A golden lamp burned night and day in the sanctuary of Athena on the Acropolis. Among the Romans lighted candles and lamps formed part of the worship of the domestic deities. Torches and lamps were also carried in religious processions. The pagan custom of burying lamps with the dead was to provide them with the means of obtaining light in the next world.

By the close of the fourth century the ceremonial use of lights had become firmly and universally established in the Christian Church. The symbolic use of lights became gradually systematized during the Middle

Ages, and even up to the present day candles are burned in the churches on various occasions. The custom of placing lighted candles around the bodies of the dead has never wholly died out in Protestant countries.

Away back at the beginning of things—how long ago no one knows—some inspired savage discovered that both fire and light could be procured by rubbing two dry sticks of wood together. Others of his time tried the same experiment, and were likewise successful. So, probably, were fire and light introduced and made of general benefit. As the centuries rolled on men began to feel the need of securing a more satisfactory means of permanent lighting, and contrived torches of resinous woods.

Next crude forms of lamps were introduced, specimens having been found that date from remote antiquity. The crudest of these were the skulls of animals or sea shells in which fat was burned. Then when the metals and pottery had been added to the list of tangible objects, artificial receptacles were introduced. Very little improvement was made in these primitive lamps, and torches and especially candles for indoor lighting were greatly preferred. The fortunate possessor of a stock of candles may have looked upon them, not only with pride, but also with the conviction that here was the best and strongest light that ever could be devised by man.

But there were men—quiet, plodding persons of a scientific trend—who were not satisfied. These savants knew of the existence of a strange substance that, once ignited, burned with a mysterious continuity, seemingly without fuel to feed its avid flames. Perhaps they had heard of the "eternal fires" of Baku, on the Caspian Sea, which had been known from time immemorial.

In the first year of the seventeenth century a Dutchman named Van Helmont, during a test with fuel, discovered that coal yielded up "a wild spirit." He was evidently of a superstitious turn, for he forthwith called this strange property *geist*. The English cognate, gas, was adopted in the British Isles, although it took nearly a century to establish it in common usage.

About 1650 a Yorkshire rector, Dr. John

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REAL ESTATE DEPARTMENT, THE OUTLOOK

The Development of Modern Lighting (Continued)

Clayton, who did not let his piety interfere with his heretical tendency to dabble in the natural sciences, had a similar uncanny experience. He had been hearing of a weird flame, a yard wide and two yards long, that burned incessantly in a Whitehaven coal mine. The workmen did not know what to do with it, so they built a chimney-like structure around it and carried the blaze to the top of the pit, where it sprang forth high over the mine, lighting the country for miles around. The phenomenon got to be talked about, for it was looked upon with dread and fear.

Dr. Clayton scouted the idea of its supernatural origin and at once set about emulating nature. He put some coal in a retort and set it on fire. The result was more than he had bargained for. A violent explosion followed that not only upset his clerical dignity, but shattered his spectacles as well. He continued his experiments, however, and would imprison the gas in bladders. He used to stick pins in these and ignite the escaping gas, presumably for the entertainment of his friends, but more frequently, it would appear, to their consternation.

The real discoverer of coal gas as a means of supplying light was William Murdoch, a Scotchman. He was a genius of the first order and directed his whole being toward solving the problem of making gas serve as an illuminant. He made a lantern by fixing a tube in the neck of a gas-filled bladder. The sight of him wandering around at night with this strange beacon filled the neighbors with dismay, and he soon came to be looked upon as being in direct league with Lucifer.

As a result of all his study and research he was able in 1792 to light his house with gas, and in 1802 he lighted in the same manner the Birmingham factory of his employers in honor of the signing of the Treaty of Amiens that ended the Franco-British War.

In 1812 a company was formed which began the lighting of London by gas. This was the premier gas undertaking of the world. In 1816 the first gas company in the United States was founded in Baltimore.

Who invented the electric incandescent lamp? Without a moment's hesitation nearly every one would say Edison. It is true that Edison did invent the first commercially successful incandescent lamp, but he was guided by the efforts and failures of numerous other inventors. There has been a question as to just where the idea of electric lamps originated, but it would be very hard to attempt to answer this. Some eminent scholars of Egyptian history offer the suggestion that the Egyptians of four thousand years ago had electric lights. They base their opinion on the unsmoked mural paintings in walled-up chambers. Coming down to modern times, we find that Sir Humphry Davy first produced and studied the phenomenon of the electric arc in 1801. Frederic de Moleyns made a lamp of the incandescent arc type, with the light inclosed in a vacuum, in 1841. Many other experimenters worked on the problem of producing a "filament" light in a vacuum, with indifferent success.

In 1877 Edison announced his intention to devote himself to the problem of the electric light. His triumph came on October 21, 1879, the anniversary of which is now observed as "Edison Day."

About 1890 the gas-lighting industry

The Development of Modern Lighting (Continued)

obtained a new and powerful weapon for use in its competition with electric lighting in the Welsbach incandescent gas lamp. This lamp, the invention of Auer von Welsbach, of Vienna, develops an illuminating power of six or seven times the intensity that could be obtained with the best burners known thirty years ago. The Welsbach mantle has proved a great commercial success and has led to the invention of many methods for intensifying the light produced and increasing the light generated per unit volume of gas.

In the two decades following the invention of the gas mantle rapid improvements were made in the electric lamp. Experiments were made with many different filaments with ever-increasing intensity of illumination and decreasing amount of current. In rapid succession came the tantalum lamp, the metallized carbon filament, the pressed-tungsten lamp, and finally the wire-drawn Mazda and gas-filled incandescent electric lamps. A recent progression tends to improve the quality of the light given off by the lamp. Through the use of a special color glass for the bulb, the light emitted by the lamp is made to approximate very closely noon, or early afternoon, sunlight.

Thus modern lighting, properly speaking, has been a development of the last few decades, and divides itself into two main branches—gas lighting and electric lighting. Other forms of lighting still have their place, however, and must be mentioned in any general review of this subject. The present-day hostess still places shaded candles on her dinner-table as an auxiliary means of lighting, which gives a most intimate and cozy effect and an added luster to her silver and imported china. The college student and many students of maturer years still burn the midnight oil, and the kerosene or oil-vapor lamp finds its place on many a library table. Many people who use their eyes steadily for long periods prefer the soft yellow light of the oil-vapor lamp for reading purposes.

With the perfection of the gas mantle and the incandescent lamp there have come many variations and refinements in their use. The builder of a modern home has the choice of a wide range of gas or electric fixtures, reading lamps, domes, indirect and semi-indirect lighting pieces, which shed an abundance of soft, restful light, so agreeable to the eye.

Eye-strain caused by the glare of direct light rays can be avoided by the new methods of indirect and semi-indirect lighting which are now so popular. Glass-makers are studying the effects of various kinds of glassware upon lighting, and are making their appeal direct to the public. Every architect, consulting engineer, and wholesale purchaser of lighting glassware has been made to realize that "guesswork" is a thing of the past, and that the art of illumination has been developed into a science as well. A great step forward was marked by the introduction of semi-indirect lighting. The idea was conceived and executed of protecting the eye by suspending large shallow glass bowls from the ceiling by chains, the lamp being inclosed within the bowl, so that the source of light was concealed. The glass manufacturers are now introducing bowls of great refinement and beauty with rich coloring and attractive designs. The semi-indirect lighting system can now be included as an integral part of the decorative scheme

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The Development of Modern Lighting (Continued)
of a room, apartment, or even a whole house.

Much could be said of the development of modern lighting along special lines. Office buildings and industrial plants are now lighted on well-thought-out plans which make for the highest degree of efficiency upon the part of the workers. The arrangement of lights is worked out on a scientific basis so as to provide the proper illumination at the proper points. This work is done under the supervision of experts. The same scientific method of lighting is now applied to places of public assembly, such as churches, halls, schools, lodge-rooms, theaters, etc.

Another recent development is the lighting of outdoor sports. Tennis and golf can now be played at night under brilliant light sources placed at proper intervals. Plans of lighting have been worked out for motorcycle and bicycle racing, drilling, ice-skating, polo, football, shooting ranges, and almost any other conceivable form of sport in large or small areas.

The marvels accomplished by "flood-lighting" must also be mentioned. This is the term for illuminating building exteriors, statues, fountains, etc., and received worldwide prominence by the illumination at the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

And so modern gas and electric lighting have been perfected and have their adaptations multiplied, and night has indeed been turned into day. Light that lengthens man's day, without weariness to his eyes or neglect of the rest that nature demands, is, of all man's physical achievements, the most important to civilization, material and spiritual. The brains and hearts of men of the highest scientific attainment are devoted to this opportunity—not of making brighter the places already bright, but of so cheapening artificial light that they who through poverty now sit in nocturnal darkness may have light, and that what light is had may be so applied as to simplify the lives and beautify the surroundings of the users.

Readers who are interested in this subject can secure additional information from—

"The Baltimore Gas and Electric News," Centennial Number, June, 1916. Articles by Mr. Walton Clark and Mr. George Beadankoff.

Monthly Bulletins of the National Commercial Gas Association.

The National Lamp Company, Cleveland, Ohio.

Bulletins of the Edison Lamp Works.

The Gleason-Tiebout Glass Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Encyclopedia Britannica. Article on Lighting.

We are indebted to the above sources for much of the data contained in this article.

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A RABBIT, A FROG, AND PACIFISM

A few years ago I stood just back of my camp. A friend—a clergyman, by the way, and one of the finest sportsmen that ever lived—stood beside me, with his gun over his shoulder. He had paddled across the lake, and was looking for rabbits wherewith to make a stew. I said, "Look!"—there stood a rabbit.

She—we soon found out it was *she*—came slowly toward us, then she turned and raced into the thicket; in a moment back she came, this time a little nearer, stopped, and again raced back. The third time she approached so close that I could almost have dropped a stone on her head. After waiting for what seemed a long time to me, she turned and in a flash had disappeared into the woods, not to reappear; for she had done her duty, and protected her family, who were now safely hidden.

Now that man with a gun, my wife, who had quietly placed herself alongside us, and I must have looked as big to that rabbit as the whole German army in full charge would have looked to a solitary sentinel; and I had heard for many years the expression, "No more courage than a rabbit." That poor, pretty little thing that didn't have a weapon to fight with had walked right up to a loaded gun! And the rabbit is supposed to be a pacifist. It was puzzling.

Last year I was sitting on this self-same stump, and I heard a funny little squeaking sound in the bushes near me.

Cautiously I reached the spot. There was a snake about two feet long working its way back into the brush with a live frog, about a third swallowed, in its mouth. The squeal was proceeding from the frog. In a second Mr. Snake was in his death throes, and I pulled the frog from his mouth. Now, why would God, who is all-good, allow a snake to devour a poor innocent frog unless, after all, he sort of believed in the "survival of the fittest"? To be sure, I interfered, because I had no use for snakes. You know a neighborly feeling will sometimes cause one to protect a poor pitiable object, if it doesn't cost anything.

After thinking of this last incident I was nonplused.

If that poor pacific frog believed that because he was defenseless the snake wouldn't hurt him, how he must have regretted his reasoning while he was being swallowed; and yet that rabbit walked up to what looked like certain death to save her family; she was just as defenseless, and her enemy was immeasurably greater.

I finally figured it out that God intended that all of his creatures should protect themselves from outside aggression. That when a frog became too weak or too trustful, his fate was sealed unless some kindly outside agency *through pity* kept him alive until he was again attacked; but that even a rabbit, with its instinct for self-preservation highly developed, being without any weapons of defense, obeyed a higher law as well and would walk into the face of death to protect her kind.

Wouldn't you have had a sort of yearning if you had been sitting there "whittling" and idly thinking of what a fine, comfortable, soft, sensuous sort of thing pacifism must be—wouldn't you too have had a sort of a yearning that *we* might become strong and courageous like a race of rabbits?

P. H. F.

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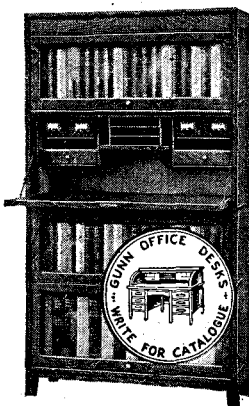
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